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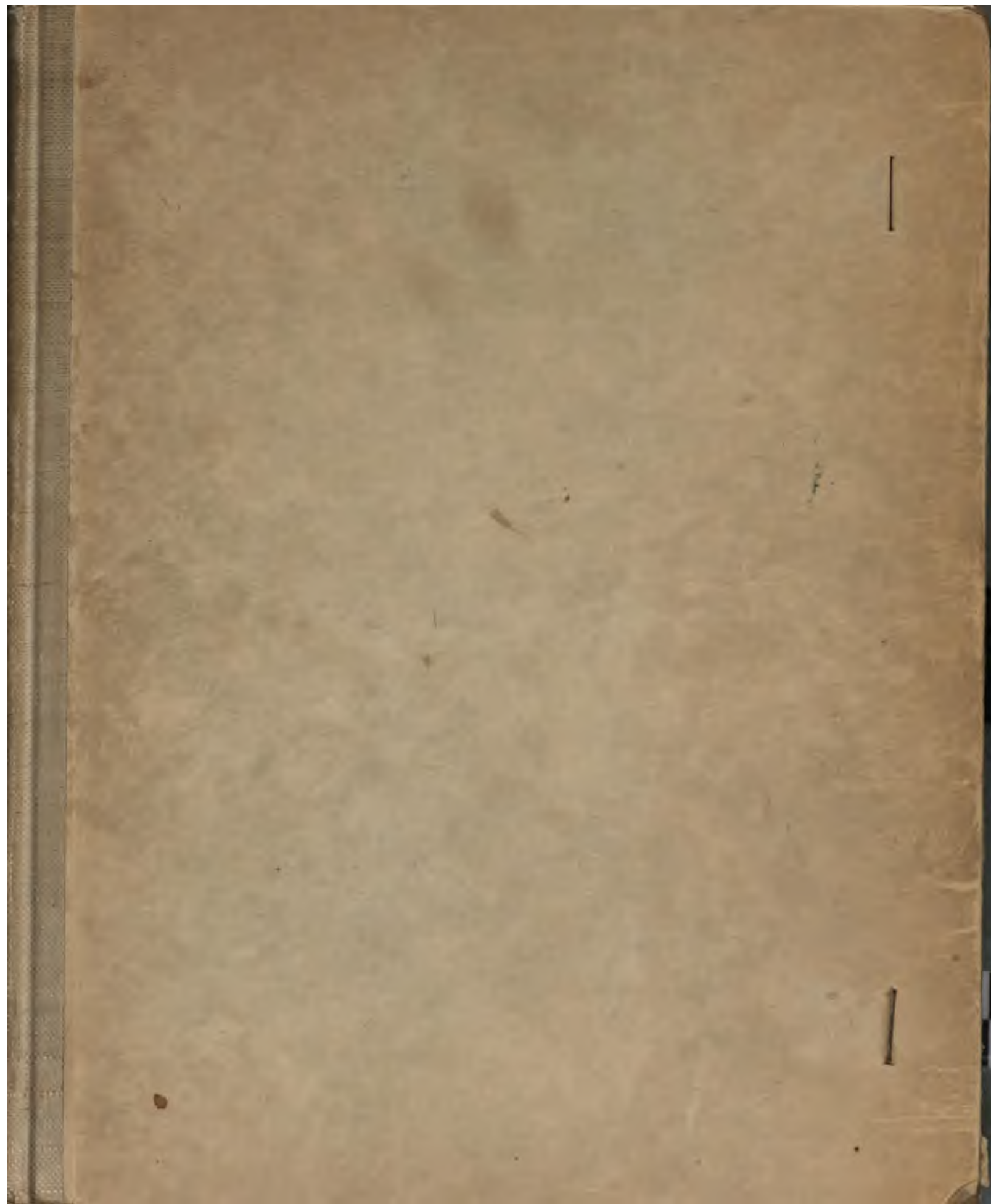
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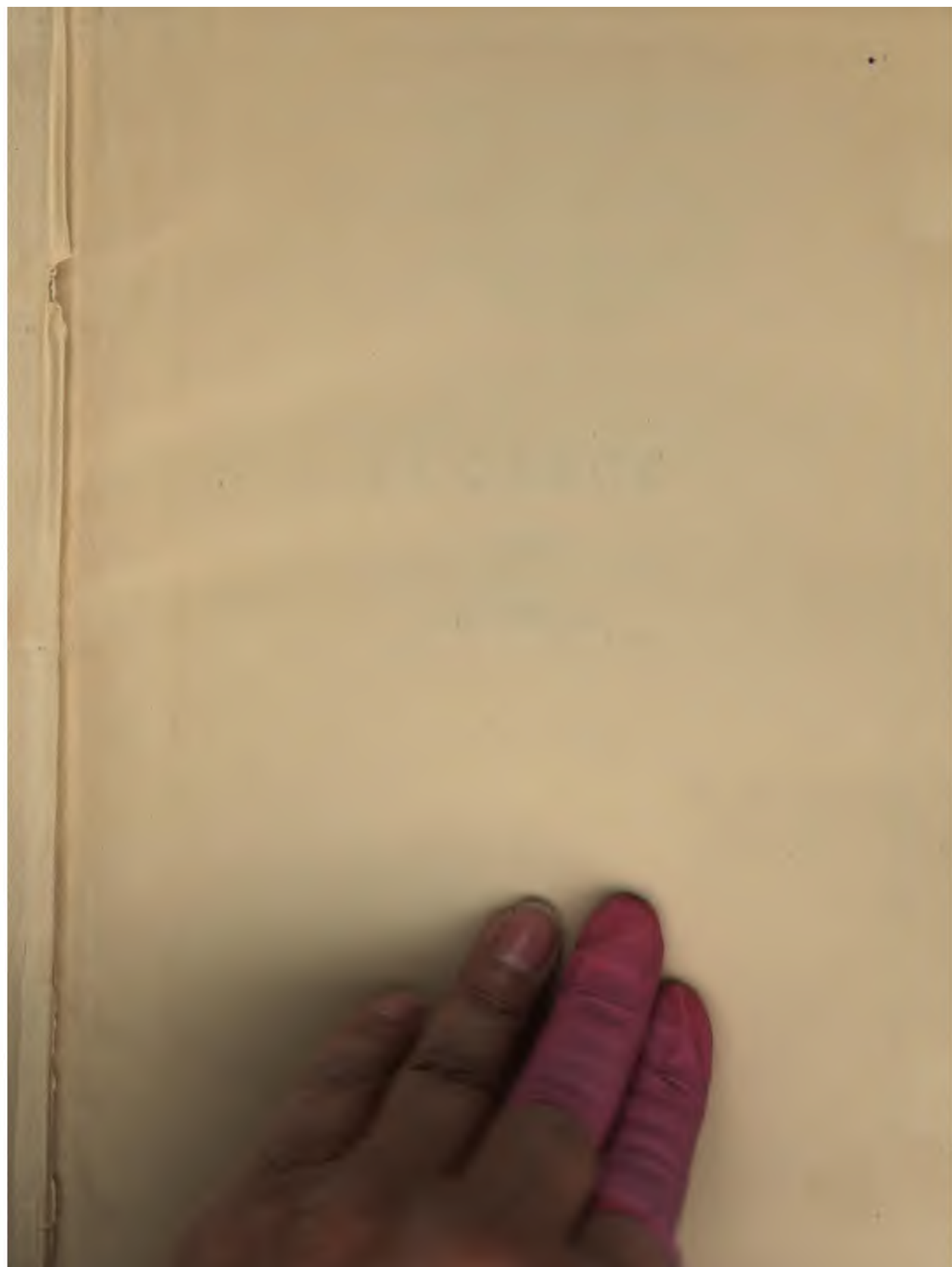






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L U C R E C E

1594

FACSIMILE

LONDON  
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.  
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY  
OF OXFORD

SHAKESPEARES  
LUCRECE

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

THE FIRST EDITION

1594

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

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I

WHEN dedicating his first narrative poem, *Venus and Adonis*, to his patron, the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare wrote: 'If your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour.' There is no reason to doubt that Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* was the fulfilment of this vow. *Lucrece* was ready for the press in May, 1594, thirteen months after *Venus and Adonis*. During those thirteen months his labour as dramatist had occupied most of his time. In the interval he had probably been at work on as many as four plays, on *Richard III*, *Richard II*, *King John*, and *Titus Andronicus*. Consequently *Lucrece* was, as he had foretold, the fruit, not of what he deemed his serious employment, but of 'all idle hours'. At the same time the increased gravity in subject and treatment which

Shakespeare's vow to his patron.

<sup>1</sup> Between the dates of the issue of the two poems, a play, in the composition of which Shakespeare was concerned, had come from the printing-press for the first time. The subject was drawn like *Lucrece* from Roman history, and the play and the poem must have occupied Shakespeare's attention at the same period. On February 6, 1594, licence had been granted to John Danter for the printing of *Titus Andronicus*, in which Shakespeare worked up an old play by another hand. Danter was a stationer of bad reputation. Shakespeare was not in all probability responsible for Danter's action. The first edition of *Titus*, of 1594, of which the existence has been doubted, survives in a single copy. The existence of this edition was noticed by Langbaine in 1691, but no copy was found to confirm Langbaine's statement till January, 1905, when an exemplar was discovered among the books of a Swedish gentleman of Scottish descent, named Robson, who resided at Lund (cf. *Athenæum*, Jan. 21, 1905). The quarto was promptly purchased by an American collector for £2,000. The title-page runs:—  
'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus: as it was Plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembroke, and Earle of Sussex, their Seruants. London, Printed by John Danter, and are



characterizes the second poem of *Lucrece* as compared with *Venus and Adonis*, its predecessor, showed that Shakespeare had faithfully carried into effect the promise that he had given to his patron of offering him 'some graver labour'.

General  
character of  
*Lucrece*.

*Lucrece* with its 1855 lines is more than half as long again as *Venus and Adonis* with its 1194 lines. It is written with a flowing pen and shows few signs of careful planning or revision. The most interesting feature of the poem lies in the moral reflections which the poet scatters with a free hand about the narrative. They bear witness to great fertility of mind, to wide reading, and to meditation on life's complexities. The heroine's allegorical addresses (ll. 869-1001) to Opportunity, Time's servant, and to Time, the lackey of Eternity, turn to poetic account philosophic ideas of pith and moment.

In general design and execution, *Lucrece*, despite its superior gravity of tone and topic, exaggerates many of the defects of its forerunner. The digressions are ampler. The longest of them, which describes with spirit the siege of Troy, reaches a total of 217 lines, nearly one-ninth of the whole poem, and, although it is deserving of the critic's close attention, it delays the progress of the story beyond all artistic law. The conceits are more extravagant and the luxuriant imagery is a thought less fresh and less sharply pointed than in *Venus and Adonis*. Throughout, there is a lack of directness and a tendency to grandiose language where simplicity would prove more effective. Haste may account for some bombastic periphrases. But Shakespeare often seems to fall a passing victim to the faults of which he

to be sold by *Edward White & Thomas Millington*, at the little North doore of Paules at the signe of the Gunne. 1594.' This volume was on sale on the London bookstalls at the same time as the 1594 edition of *Lucrece*. The story of *Lucrece* is twice mentioned in *Titus* (ii. 1. 108 and iv. 1. 63).



accuses contemporary poets in his *Sonnets*. Ingenuity was wasted in devising 'what strained touches rhetoric could lend' to episodes capable of narration in plain words. There is much in the poem which might be condemned in the poet's own terminology as the 'helpless smoke of words'.

II

THE theme of Shakespeare's poem was nearly as well-worn in the literature of Western Europe as that of his first poem *Venus and Adonis*. For more than twenty centuries before Shakespeare was born, the tale of Lucrece was familiar to the western world. Her tragic fate was the accepted illustration of conjugal fidelity, not only through the classical era of Roman history, but through the Middle Ages. The hold that the tale had taken on the popular imagination of Europe survived the Renaissance, and was stimulated by the expansion of interest in the Latin classics.

The story.

Among Latin classical authors the story was told in fullest detail by Livy in his *History of Rome* (Bk. i, c. 57-9). Ovid in his poetic *Fasti* (ii. 721-852) gave a somewhat more sympathetic version of the same traditional details which Livy recorded. The main outlines of the legend figured, too, without variation in the contemporary Greek historians, Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Diodorus Siculus, and in their successor, Dio Cassius, as well as in the work of a later Latin historian, Valerius Maximus.<sup>1</sup>

Classical authorities.

<sup>1</sup> Dionysius alone tells the story at length. The other writers narrate it very briefly. Cf. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Antiquitatum Romanarum quae supersunt*, ed. Riessling, vol. ii, Leipzig, 1864; Dio Cassius, *Historia Romana*, ed. Melber, vol. ii, x. 12-18, Leipzig, 1890; Diodorus Siculus, *Bibliotheca Historica*, ed. Dindorf, vol. ii, lib. x. 20-21, Leipzig, 1867; and Valerius Maximus, *Facta et Dicta Memorabilia*, vi. 1. 1. In three papers on Shakespeare's poem—*Shakespeare's Lucrece. Eine litterarhistorische Untersuchung*,—which appeared in *Anglia*, Band xxii, pp. 1-32, 343-63, 393-455 (Halle, 1899),



St. Augustine.

Among early Christian authors St. Augustine retold the legend in his *Civitas Dei* (Bk. i, ch. 16-19). He commented with some independence on the ethical significance of Lucrece's self-slaughter, which he deemed unjustified by the circumstances of the case.

Mediaeval versions.

The tale found a place in the most widely-read story-book of the Middle Ages, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and by the fourteenth century it had become a stock topic among poets and novelists. Of the great authors of the Italian Renaissance Boccaccio was the earliest to utilize it. He narrated it in his Latin prose treatise *De Claris Mulieribus*. It was doubtless Boccaccio's example that first recommended it to imaginative writers in England. Chaucer and Gower both turned the story into English verse, Chaucer in his *Legend of Good Women* (§ 5, ll. 1680-885) and Gower in his *Confessio Amantis* (Bk. vii. 4754-5130). Both Chaucer and Gower closely followed Ovid, but derived a few touches from Livy. Half a century later Lydgate noticed the legend in his *Fall of Princes* (Bk. iii, ch. 5). When the Middle Ages closed, Lucrece was a recognized heroine of English poetry.

Sixteenth-century developments.

The sixteenth century saw a further increase in the popularity of the topic, both in England and on the continent of Europe. It was a favourite theme in Italy both for Latin and Italian epigrams and sonnets. The Italian prose-writer, Bandello, dealt with it in his collection of novels, which, first appearing in 1554, at once attained a classical repute. Bandello's fiction was quickly translated into French. The revived drama of the Renaissance found in Lucrece's fate a fit subject for tragedy, and plays in which the Roman matron is the heroine were penned, not in France alone, but, more

Dr. Wilhelm Ewig has treated of the sources with much learning, but he has not exhausted the interesting topic.



curious to relate, in Germany. One of Hans Sachs' dramas bears the title 'Ein schön spil von der geschicht der Edlin Römerin Lucretia' (Strassburg, 1550). In France there was performed at the Court at Gaillon, in the presence of the king, Charles IX, on September 29, 1566, a short tragedy in alexandrines (with choruses in other metres) by one Nicolas Filleul of Rouen, which bore the title: 'Lucrece, Tragédie avec des Chœurs'.<sup>1</sup> The plot follows the classical lines. But Lucrece's nurse, an original character, is introduced to offer her mistress consolation and to dissuade her from self-slaughter. In Spain the tale was equally familiar, and about 1590 a celebrated poet, Don Juan de Arguijo, after writing of Venus and Adonis, summed up the current knowledge in the Peninsula concerning Lucrece in an effective sonnet, which is often quoted in anthologies of Spanish poetry.

Meanwhile the story was running its course anew in popular English literature. In the same year as the French tragedy of *Lucrece* was produced at Gaillon, William Painter included a paraphrase of Livy's version in his massive collection of popular fiction entitled *The Palace of Pleasure*. In the years that immediately followed, the tale was made the subject of at least two ballads, which have not survived. In 1568 there was licensed to John Alde, by the Stationers' Company's Register (cf. i. 379), 'a ballet called "The greivous complaynt of Lucrece"', and in 1570 there was licensed to James Roberts 'A ballad of the Death of Lucryssia' (i. 416). A third ballad of Lucrece, of which no copy is now known, was, according to Warton, printed in 1576.

The tale's  
popularity in  
Elizabethan  
England.

<sup>1</sup> This piece is printed in a rare volume called *Les Théâtres de Gaillon*. A French tragedy by the well-known dramatist, Alexandre Hardy, written a little later, bears the title 'Lucrèce, ou l'adulter puni', but this play does not deal with the story of the Roman matron, but with an imaginary adulteress of Spain. Hardy's tragedy was first published in 1616.



A further proof of the complete naturalization of the story in sixteenth-century England is to be deduced from the fact that one of the earliest printers of repute, Thomas Berthelet, took a figure of the Roman wife for the sign of his business premises, and that his successors in trade through Shakespeare's lifetime continued to employ the same device. From 1523 to 1562 the sign of 'Lucretia Romana' or 'Lucrece' (as it was commonly called) hung before Berthelet's house near the conduit in Fleet Street. In 1562 the well-known Elizabethan 'stationer', Thomas Purfoot, placed the same sign over his printing-office in St. Paul's Churchyard<sup>1</sup>, and when in 1578 he removed his press to a new building 'within the New Rents of Newgate Market' he carried the sign with him. It was announced on the title-pages of almost all the numerous volumes that Berthelet and Purfoot undertook that they were printed 'at the sign of Lucrece'. When Purfoot retired from active work his son and successor, Thomas Purfoot, junior, continued the concern under the same symbol in Newgate Market until 1640. Another use to which the figure of the Roman matron was commonly put is illustrated by Shakespeare himself, when he represents Olivia in *Twelfth Night* (ii. 5. 104) as employing a seal with the figure of Lucrece engraved upon it.

Shake-  
speare's  
sources.

Shakespeare was continuing a long chain of precedents in choosing the story of Lucrece for his new poem. Authorities abounded in his own and other languages, and after his wont he used or adapted them with much freedom. Despite his tendency to amplify details, he adheres to the main lines of

<sup>1</sup> Purfoot permitted one of the chief Italian teachers of Shakespeare's day, Claudius Hollyband, to advertize from 1575 on the title-pages of his philological handbooks that he was 'teaching in Poules Churchyarde at the signe of the Lucrece'. Cf. Hollybande's *Pretie and Witte Historie of Arnalt and Lucenda*, 1575.



the story as laid down by Ovid and Livy, and first anglicized by Chaucer, who frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to the two Latin writers. It is clear that Shakespeare studied the work of these three authors. Their narratives so closely resembled one another that it is not always easy to state with certainty from which of the three Shakespeare immediately derived this or that item of information.

Like Chaucer Shakespeare holds up Lucrece to eternal admiration as a type of feminine excellence—a type of ‘true wife’ (l. 1841); Chaucer had similarly celebrated her (l. 1686) as

The verray wyf, the verray trewe Lucrece.

But, generally speaking, Shakespeare’s poem has closer affinity with Ovid’s version (in the *Fasti*) than with that of any other predecessor. Like Ovid Shakespeare delights in pictorial imagery, and occasionally in *Lucrece* he appears to borrow Ovid’s own illustrations. Chaucer had already adapted some of the Ovidian similes which figure in Shakespeare. But Shakespeare seems to owe more suggestion to Chaucer’s source of inspiration than to Chaucer himself. The three poets, for example, compare Lucrece, when Tarquin has forcibly overcome her, to a lamb in the clutch of a wolf. Ovid writes (*Fasti*, ii. 799–800):—

Affinity with  
Ovid.

Sed tremit, ut quondam *stabulis* deprensa relictis  
parua sub infesto cum iacet agna lupo.

Chaucer (ll. 1798–9) accepts the illustration, but strips it of its vivid colouring:—

Ryght as a wolfe that fynt a lambe alone,  
To whom shall she compleyne, or make mone?

Shakespeare catches far more of the Ovidian strain in 677–9—



The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries ;  
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd  
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold.

Elsewhere Shakespeare borrows from Ovid words which escaped Chaucer's notice. His insistence on the 'snow-white' of Lucrece's 'dimpled chin' (420) and his comparison of her hair to 'golden threads' (400) echo the 'niveusque color flauique capilli' (*Fasti*, ii. 763) of Ovid's heroine. Ovid's *Fasti* was not translated into English before 1640. But there is little doubt that Ovid was accessible to Shakespeare in the original.

The smaller  
 debt to  
 Livy.

At the same time there are touches in Shakespeare's *Lucrece* which suggest that he assimilated a few of Livy's phrases direct. Painter, in the version which he introduced into his *Palace of Pleasure*, very loosely paraphrased the Latin historian, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare gained all his knowledge of Livy there. The lucid 'argument' in prose which Shakespeare prefixed to the poem catches Livy's perspicuous manner more exactly than mere dependence on Painter would have allowed. The lines (437-41 and 463) in which Shakespeare pointedly describes how Tarquin's hand rests on Lucrece's breast follow Livy's phrase, 'sinistraque manu mulieris pectore oppresso.' The hint is given in Ovid, and Painter merely states that Tarquin keeps Lucrece 'doune with his lefte hande'. At one point Shakespeare corrects an obvious misapprehension of Painter—a fact which further confutes the theory of exclusive indebtedness to him. Livy, like Ovid, assigns to Tarquin the threat that in case of Lucrece's resistance he will charge her with misconduct with a slave. Neither Latin writer gives the word 'slave' any epithet, and whether the man is in Tarquin's or in Lucrece's service is left undetermined. Painter makes Tarquin refer to a slave of his own household. Shakespeare assigns the slave to Lucrece's



household ; Tarquin warns Lucrece he will place at her side 'some worthless slave of thine', i. e. of Lucrece (515). Chaucer and Bandello are both here in agreement with Shakespeare (cf. Chaucer's 'thy knave' in *Legend*, 1807; and Bandello's 'uno dei tuoi servi'). From either, the English poet might have adopted the detail. In any case he owed nothing, at this point, to Painter.

In his expansive and discursive handling of the theme Shakespeare differs from all his predecessors save one. In that regard he can only be compared with the Italian novelist Bandello. Bandello mainly depends on Livy and is sparing of poetic ornament. But he prolongs the speeches of the heroine with a liberality to which Shakespeare's poem alone offers a parallel. Bandello's long-winded novel was accessible in a French version—in the 'Histoires Tragiques' of François de Belleforest. Shakespearean students know that Bandello's collection of tales, either in the original Italian, or in the French translation, was the final source of the plot of at least four of Shakespeare's plays,—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Hamlet*. It is not customary to associate Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* with Bandello's work, but, although the resemblances may prove to be accidental, they are sufficient to suggest the possibility that Shakespeare had recourse to the Italian novelist, when penning his second narrative poem.

Bandello's  
novel.

One parallel between Bandello's novel and Shakespeare's *Lucrece* will suffice. Livy emphasizes more deliberately than Ovid the pretence of madness in Brutus, the avenger of Lucrece's wrong. Bandello liberally developed Livy's notice of Brutus' mysterious behaviour on lines which Shakespeare seems to have followed. Brutus was, according to Shakespeare's poem, 'supposed a fool' (1819):—



He with the Romans was esteemed so  
 As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
 For sportive words and uttering foolish things.  
 (ll. 1811-13.)

Bandello in his novel describes Brutus's conduct thus:—

‘E fingendo esser pazzo, e cotali sciocchezze mille volte  
 il dì facendo, come fanno i buffoni, divenne in modo *in opinione  
 di matto*, che *appo i figliuoli del Re, più per dar loro con le sue  
 pazzie trastullo che per altro, era tenuto caro*.<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's  
 attribution to Brutus of idiocy characteristic of a ‘fool’ in a  
 king's household seems coloured by Bandello's phraseology.

Shake-  
 speare's  
 digressions  
 —origins  
 and parallels.

In the rhetorical digressions which distinguish Shakespeare's poem he had every opportunity of pursuing his own bent, but even in these digressive passages there emerge bold traces of his reading, not merely in the classics, but in contemporary English poetry. The 217 lines (1366-582), which describe with exceptional vividness a skilful painting of the destruction of Troy, betray a close intimacy with more than one book of Vergil's *Aeneid*. The episode in its main outline is a free development of Vergil's dramatic account (Bk. i. 456-655) of a picture of the identical scene which arrests Aeneas' attention in Dido's palace at Carthage. The energetic portrait of the wily Sinon which fills a large space in Shakespeare's canvas is drawn from Vergil's second book (ll. 76 seq.).<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In English the words run:—‘And pretending to be mad, and doing such foolish things a thousand times a day as fools are wont to do, Brutus came to be looked upon as an idiot, who was held dear by the king's sons, more for making them sport with his foolish tricks than for any other cause.’

<sup>2</sup> References to more or less crude pictorial representations of the siege of Troy are common in classical authors, notably in Ovid. Ovid in his *Heroides*, i. 33 seq., causes the Greek soldier to paint on a table with wine the disposition of the opposing armies at Troy. The first lines of this passage are very deliberately quoted in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 1. 28, 29:—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;  
 Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.



Shakespeare again enlarges the restricted bounds of the classical tale by introducing a sympathizing handmaiden. Such a subsidiary character (1212-302) is unknown to Ovid or Livy. This new episode coincides, possibly by accident, with a scene in the French tragedy of *Lucrece* of 1566. No other parallel is met with. Shakespeare makes effective use of the woman's 'heaviness' when she is summoned by her mistress after the latter resolves to slay herself. In the French drama Lucrece's nurse feelingly endeavours to dissuade her from her purpose.

The appeal to personified Opportunity (ll. 869 sq.) seems an original device of Shakespeare, but the succeeding apostrophe to Time (ll. 939 sq.) covers ground which many poets had occupied before. Two English poets, Thomas Watson in *Hecatompethia* (1582, Sonnets xlvii and lxxvii), and Giles Fletcher in *Licia* (1593, Sonnet xxviii), anticipated at many points Shakespeare's catalogue of Time's varied activities. Watson acknowledged that his lines were borrowed from the Italian Serafino and Fletcher imitated the Neapolitan Latinist Angerianus; while both Serafino and Angerianus owed much on their part to Ovid's pathetic lament in *Tristia* (iv. 6. 1-10). Shakespeare doubtless obtained all the suggestion that he needed from his fellow countrymen. That Shakespeare knew Watson's reflections on the topic seems proved by his verbatim quotation of one of them in *Much Ado about Nothing* (i. 1. 271): 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.' Similarly there are plain indications in Shakespeare's *Sonnets* that Fletcher's *Licia* was familiar to him.<sup>1</sup>

In Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, i. 131 sq., Ulysses, for Calypso's amusement, paints the like scene with a wand on the sand of the sea-shore and describes his sketch in terms very like those in the *Heroides*. But, although Ovid offered hints for Shakespeare's picture, Vergil supplied the precise design.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Elizabethan Sonnets*, Introd. by the present writer, vol. i, p. lxxxiii, and vol. ii, p. 348; *Life of Shakespeare*, 5th edition, pp. 81 n. 2, 117 n. 2, and 229 n. 1.



It is pretty certain that the work of other contemporary English poets offered Shakespeare's imagination material sustenance while he was developing the Roman legend. Several phrases come almost literally from Constable's *Diana*<sup>1</sup>, of which the first edition was in 1594 two years old, and the second was just published.

The debt  
to Daniel's  
*Rosamond*  
(1592).

But the closest parallels with Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, alike in phrase, episode, and sentiment, are to be found in Daniel's contemporary narrative poem, entitled *The Complaint of Rosamond*. This poem was appended in 1592 to a second

<sup>1</sup> When Tarquin (477-9) describes Lucrece's complexion—

That even for anger makes the *lily pale*,  
And the *red rose blush* at her own *disgrace*,

he echoes Constable's description of his mistress (1st edit. Sonnet xvii)—

My Ladie's presence makes the *roses red*,  
Because to see her lips they *blush for shame*.  
The *Lily's leaves*, for *envy*, *pale became*,  
And her white hands in them this *envy bred*.

In the preceding stanza the impression of 'whiteness' which the sleeping Lucrece gives Tarquin seems derived from Constable's description in Sonnet iv (edit. 1592) of his mistress in bed. Constable's '*whiter skin with white sheet*' anticipated Shakespeare's line (472), 'o'er the *white sheet* peers her *whiter skin*.' In the reference in *Lucrece* to Narcissus (265-6) Shakespeare echoes his own poem of *Venus and Adonis*. The allusion ultimately came from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. In *Venus and Adonis* (161-2) Shakespeare wrote:—

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

In *Lucrece* (265-6) Tarquin reflects on Lucrece's beauty—

That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

The classical story of Narcissus, as told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 407 sq., tells of his metamorphosis into a flower, and not of his death by drowning. Marlowe set Shakespeare the example of adopting a post-classical version, and related in his *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad i, ll. 74-6, how the Greek boy

Leapt into the water for a kiss  
Of his own shadow, and despising many,  
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.



edition of Daniel's collection of sonnets, which he christened *Delia*. In Daniel's poem the ghost of Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II, gives sorrowful voice to her remorse at having submitted to the adulterous embraces of the king, and finally relates her murder by Queen Eleanor. The whole poem is in the *oratio recta* of the heroine, and the key is that of Lucrece's moaning. Shakespeare adopted in *Lucrece* the seven-line stanza of *The Complaint of Rosamond*, and handled it very similarly.

At one important point Shakespeare seems to have borrowed Daniel's machinery. Both heroines seek consolation from a work of art. Shakespeare's Lucrece closely scans a picture of the siege of Troy, the details of which she applies to her own sad circumstance. Daniel's Rosamond examines a casket finely engraved with ornament suggesting her own sufferings; on the lid is portrayed Amymone's strife with Neptune, while 'figured within the other squares' is the tale of Jove's pursuit of the love of Io. Rosamond's casket was wrought

So rare that art did seem to strive with nature  
To express the cunning workman's curious thought.

(ll. 374-5.)

To Shakespeare's piece of skilful painting

In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life. (l. 1374.)

Daniel's phraseology seems to be echoed in single lines such as these:—

An *expir'd date cancell'd* ere well begun. (*Lucrece*, 26.)

*Cancell'd* with Time, will have their *date expir'd*.

(*Rosamond*, 242.)

*Sable night, mother of dread and fear.* (*Lucrece*, 117.)

*Night, mother of sleep and fear, who with her sable mantle.*  
(*Rosamond*, 432.)

I know what *thorns the growing rose defends.*  
(*Lucrece*, 492.)

*The ungather'd Rose, defended with the thorns.*  
(*Rosamond*, 210.)

*The precedent whereof in Lucrece view.* (*Lucrece*, 1261.)

*These precedents presented to my view.* (*Rosamond*, 407.)

In sentiment, too, Shakespeare appears often content to follow Daniel. The husband Collatine's inability to speak, owing to the anguish caused him by Lucrece's death, resembles King Henry's enforced silence in presence of Rosamond's dead body (*Rosamond*, 904-7):—

Amazed he stands, nor voice nor body stirs,  
Words had no passage, tears no issue found:  
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears,  
Confused affects each other do confound.

Collatine's experience is described thus (*Lucrece*, 1779-80):—

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Again Daniel, developing Seneca's 'Curæ leves loquuntur ingentes stupent', tells of his hero how

Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;  
For light cares speak, when mighty cares are dumb. (ll. 909-10.)

Shakespeare remarks on the silence of his heroine (ll. 1329-30)—

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia*, bk. i, Eclogue i—

*Shallow brooks murmur most, deep silent slide away.*

and Raleigh's 'Silent Lover' (*Poems*, ed. Hannah, No. xiv)—



Neither the individuality of style nor the substantive originality of many details in Shakespeare's poem can be questioned. But it is clear that, working on foundations laid by Ovid, he sought suggestion for his poetic edifice in Livy, and in such successors of the classical poet and historian as Chaucer and Bandello. Nor can it be lightly questioned that he absorbed sentiments and phrases from many contemporary English verse-writers with whom his muse acknowledged a sympathetic affinity.

## III

THE metre of Lucrece was a favourite one in English literature long before the Elizabethan era. The seven-line stanza is more commonly used by Chaucer than any other. He seems to have borrowed it from the French poetry of his contemporary Guillaume de Machault. It is often met with in the *Canterbury Tales* (see *The Clerkes Tale*, *The Man of Lawes Tale*, *The Second Nonnes Tale*), as well as in *Troilus and Crisyde* and many of the shorter poems (cf. 'The complaint to his empty purse'). It is the metre, too, of Lydgate's monumental *Fall of Princes*. According to Elizabethan critics it was the stanza that was best adapted to serious themes. Gascoigne described it in his *Certayne Notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English* (1576) as 'Rithme royall': 'and surely,' he adds, 'it is a royalle kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses.' According to Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, the seven-line stanza was 'the chief

The metre  
of Lucrece.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams  
The shallow murmurs but the deep are dumb,  
So when affections yield discourse, it seems,  
The bottom is but shallow whence it comes.



of our ancient proportions used by any rimer writing anything historical or grave poem', and he refers to Chaucer's *Troilus and Crisyde* and Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* by way of proof that 'the staffe of seven verses was most usual with our ancient makers'. The rimes, he points out, were capable of seven variations. Shakespeare followed the customary scheme which Chaucer had employed (ababbcc). Puttenham found fault with those who close the stanza with an independent couplet 'concording with no other verse that went before', but he finally admits that the 'double cadence in the last two verses serves the ear well enough'. The comment well applies to Shakespeare's prosody.

Spenser's  
seven-line  
stanza.

Of English poems in the metre which were written shortly before Shakespeare penned his *Lucrece*, the most memorable is Spenser's *Ruines of Time*, published in 1590, in which Shakespeare's cadences seem almost precisely anticipated. The following is a good example of the stanza in Spenser's hands:—

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,  
Above the reach of ruinous decay,  
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,  
Admir'd of base-borne men from far away:  
Then, who so will with vertuous deeds assay  
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,  
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.<sup>1</sup>

Greene's *A Maidens Dreame, An elegy on Sir Christopher Hatton*,

<sup>1</sup> Spenser employed the seven-line stanza with a different scheme of rhyming (ababcbe) in his *Daphnaida*, 1591, but in his *Hymnes*, 1596, he returned to the Shakespearean plan. Among the Elizabethan poets who used the seven-line stanza in long poems immediately after *Lucrece* were (Sir) John Davis in his *Orchestra*, 1594; Barnfield in *Complaint of Chastitie* and *Shepherds Content*, 1594; Drayton in *Mortimeriados*, 1596, and parts of *Harmonie of the Church*, 1596. At a little later date Nicholas Breton employed it constantly; cf. his *Pasquils Passe and Passeth not*, 1600; *Longing of a Blessed Heart*, 1601; *Pasquils Mad Cappe*, 1626.



a pedestrian piece of verse in the seven-line stanza, followed Spenser's poem in 1591, and next year there appeared Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*. The uses to which Shakespeare put Daniel's preceding experiment have already been noticed. Shakespeare employed the stanza again in the narrative poem, *A Lover's Complaint*, which was first published in 1609 with the *Sonnets*. That piece was probably written very shortly after *Lucrece*.

Though the popularity of *Lucrece* did not equal that of *Venus and Adonis*, and the volume passed through fewer editions during and after Shakespeare's lifetime, its success on its appearance was well pronounced, and it greatly added to Shakespeare's reputation among contemporary critics. Some readers, like Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), the anonymous author of the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, and Richard Barnfield in *Poems in Divers Humours*, 1598<sup>1</sup>, failed to detect any distinction between *Lucrece* and its predecessor *Venus and Adonis*. But a few observers like Gabriel Harvey were more discriminating, and pointed out that while the earlier poem delighted 'the younger sort', *Lucrece* pleased 'the wiser sort'.<sup>2</sup> Harvey was indeed inclined to exaggerate the serious aspect of the poem and to rank it with *Hamlet*. Drummond of Hawthornden noted that he read the poem in 1606, and a copy figures in

Early  
criticism.

<sup>1</sup> And *Shakespeare* thou, whose hony-flowing vaine  
(Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine,  
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)  
Thy name in fame's immortall Booke have plac't.

<sup>2</sup> Harvey's words ran:—'The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. But his *Lucrece* and tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort.' Harvey wrote these words about 1604 in a copy of Speght's *Chaucer* of 1598. They were transcribed by George Steevens (cf. *Variorum* ed., 1821, vol. ii, p. 369). But the volume containing Harvey's original draft belonged to Bishop Percy, and was burnt in the fire at Northumberland House, London, which destroyed the bishop's library in 1780.



the table 'of his English books Anno 1611'. Minor indications that the work was familiar to students abound. Fragments of two lines (1086-7) are quoted in the disjointed contemporary scribble which defaces the outside leaf of an early manuscript copy of some of Bacon's tracts in the Duke of Northumberland's library at Alnwick; the words were probably written down very early in the seventeenth century.<sup>1</sup>

Plagiarisms.

To poets and dramatists of the early seventeenth century the work especially appealed. It at once received the flattery of imitation or actual plagiarism. As early as 1595 Richard Barnfield, an inveterate imitator of Shakespeare, transferred many phrases to his *Cassandra*. In 1600 Samuel Nicholson incorporated lines without acknowledgement in his poem of *Acolastus*—procedure which was followed with even greater boldness by Robert Baron in his *Fortune's Tennis Ball* just fifty years later. Reminiscences of the great apostrophe to Opportunity are met with in Marston's play of *The Malcontent*, 1604, and in Ford's *Lady's Trial*, 1638. Shakespeare's friend, Thomas Heywood, produced a five-act tragedy called *The Rape of Lucrece* in 1608, the year following the appearance of the fourth edition of Shakespeare's poem. But Heywood's play is a chronicle drama covering much wider ground than Sextus Tarquinius' outrage. Lucrece's tragic experience is merely one of many legendary disasters which occupy Heywood's pen, and the

Heywood's  
*Rape of  
Lucrece.*

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's name is repeated many times, in various forms, on this outside leaf, together with the titles of two of his plays, *Rycharde the Second* and *Rycharde the Third*. The crude excerpt from *Lucrece* runs:—'reuealing day through euery Crany peepes and see.' The careless scribble has little significance, and was possibly the work of a scribe testing a new pen. No attention need be paid to the arguments which would treat the manuscript rigmarole as evidence of Bacon's responsibility for Shakespeare's works. The MS. has been twice reprinted lately, by Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse, who takes a sensible view of the problem offered by the scribble, and by Mr. Thomas Burgoyne, who is inclined to take the incoherences seriously.



indebtedness to Shakespeare does not go beyond the bare suggestion of that single topic. The poet Suckling, one of Shakespeare's warmest admirers in the generation succeeding the dramatist's death, gave curious proof of his interest in Shakespeare's poem. He claimed to find a detached fragment of verse, of which he failed apparently to recognize the provenance. The fragment consisted of the ten lines from *Lucrece* (386-96) which somewhat affectedly describe Lucrece asleep in bed; but the stanza was in six lines instead of in the authentic seven lines, and Suckling's text materially differed from that of the authorized version of *Lucrece*. To the mysterious excerpt Suckling added a 'supplement' of fourteen lines of his own. The twenty-four lines, in four stanzas of six lines each, were included in Suckling's posthumously collected verse (*Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646) under the heading 'A supplement to an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears'. A marginal note running 'Thus far Shakespear' distinguished Suckling's share of the short poem from that which he assigned to the dramatist.<sup>1</sup> In 1655

Suckling's  
'Supple-  
ment.'

<sup>1</sup> Gerald Langbaine, in his account of Shakespeare in his *Dramatick Poets*, 1691, makes the comment: 'What value [Suckling] had for this small piece of *Lucrece* may appear from his supplement which he writ and which he has publisht in his poems.' The first stanza of Suckling's poem runs:—

One of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kisse,  
Which therefore swel'd and seem'd to part asunder,  
As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse:  
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,  
Whilst t' other blush't, cause it had done the wrong.

This six-lined rendering of the fifty-fifth stanza of *Lucrece* (in seven lines) is not easy to account for. Suckling had perhaps written out the lines from memory, or from a hurried and incorrect copy. There seems less to recommend the opposing theory, which represents Suckling's crude quotation to be a first draft of the verse by Shakespeare himself, and an indication of an original intention on the poet's part to employ in *Lucrece* the six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. Shakespeare's *Centurie of Prayse*, pp. 205, 226-7.



Quarles'  
continua-  
tion, 1655.

evidence that Shakespeare's poem was still familiarly cherished by men of letters is offered by the fact that John Quarles, son of Francis Quarles, the author of the *Emblems*, penned a brief continuation in six-line stanzas entitled *The Banishment of Tarquin, or, The Reward of Lust*. This was appended to a reissue of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* in 1655—the last of the seventeenth-century editions. The dramatist is described on the title-page as 'The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry* Will: Shakespeare, Gent.'—a signal testimony to his repute at the time when Cromwell was Protector.

## IV

The copy-  
right of the  
poem.

IN the history of the publication of *Lucrece*, two of the personages, the printer Richard Field, and the publisher John Harrison, who were concerned in producing the first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, reappear, but not in quite their former capacities. The copyright changed hands far less often than that of *Venus and Adonis*. There were only five owners in the course of a century.

John Harrison the first owner, May 9, 1594—March 16, 1614.

The copyright of *Lucrece* was owned at the outset by John Harrison of the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard, a publisher or stationer who was thrice Master of the Stationers' Company—in 1583, 1588, and 1596. He had distributed copies of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis* in the spring of 1593, and acquired the copyright of that poem fourteen months later. The entry in the Stationers' Company's Register attesting his ownership of *Lucrece* runs under date of May, 1594, thus<sup>1</sup>:—

<sup>1</sup> Arber, ii. 648.



Entred [to Master Harrison, senior] for his copie under thand of master Cawood Warden, a booke intituled the Ravyschement of Lucrece vi<sup>d</sup> C.

Harrison employed Richard Field, Shakespeare's fellow townsman, to print the work, and Field's device of an anchor, hanging in an oval frame with the motto *Anchora Spei*, is prominently displayed on the title-page of the original edition.

Harrison retained the copyright of the poem for nearly twenty years, until March 1, 161 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and published at least four editions—in 1594, 1598, 1600, 1607. But only the first was printed by Field. Peter Short printed that of 1598; Harrison's son, also named John, printed that of 1600, and Nicholas Okes that of 1607. All the printers were men of position in the trade. Okes was on intimate terms with Field, who had acted as his surety when he was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on December 5, 1603, while Thomas Heywood, the author, in his *Apology for Actors* which Okes printed for him in 1612, addressed him as his 'approved good friend', and commended his care and industry—compliments which were rare in the intercourse of printer and author.

On March 1, 161 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Harrison parted with the copyright of *Lucrece* and of three other of his publications of a different class to a stationer of comparatively minor reputation, Roger Jackson, whose shop over against the Great Conduit in Fleet Street bore the sign of the White Hart.<sup>1</sup> The transaction is thus entered in the Stationers' Company's Registers (iii. 542):—

The printers  
of the first  
four editions.

Roger Jackson, second  
owner,  
March 1,  
1614–Jan.  
16, 1625.

<sup>1</sup> Roger Jackson, son of Martin Jackson, of Burnholme, Yorkshire, had been apprenticed to Ralph Newbery, a well-known stationer, on July 5, 1591 (Arber, ii. 175). He had been admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on August 10, 1599, and acquired his first copyright (Greene's *Goost Hunting Coney Catchers*) on September 3, 1602 (Arber, iii. 216). His first apprentice, Richard, son of Thomas Gosson, joined him April 23, 1604.



[1614] primo Martij 1613[-4]

Entred [to Roger Jackson] for his Coppies by consent of Master John Harrison the eldest and by order of a Court, these 4 books followinge ijr.

vizt. . . .

MASCALLES first booke of Cattell

Master Dentes Sermon of repentance

RECORDES *Arithmeticke*.

LUCRECE

Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, more than two years after the copyright of *Lucrece* suffered its first transfer. Jackson, the second holder, retained the copyright for nearly twelve years, till his death early in 1626, when it passed to his widow. Jackson was responsible for the editions of 1616 and 1624, the first of which was printed by Thomas Snodham, and the second by John Beale.<sup>1</sup> His widow assigned the book, with her property in twenty-nine other volumes, on January 16, 1626, to Francis Williams. The entry attesting the transfer in the Stationers' Register runs (iv. 149):—

Francis  
Williams,  
third owner,  
Jan. 16,  
1626–June  
29, 1630.

[1626] 16<sup>o</sup> Januarij 1625[-6]

Assigned over vnto him [to Francis Williams] by mistris Jackson wife of Roger Jackson Deceased, and by order of a full Court holden this Day. all her estate in the [30] Copies here after mencioned xiiijr.

-23 *Lucrece* by Shackspeare. . . . .

John Harrison,  
junior,

Francis Williams kept the copyright for little more than four years, parting with it on June 29, 1630, to Master

<sup>1</sup> Snodham, who took up his freedom on June 28, 1602, was apprenticed to Thomas East, or Este, the music-printer, whose surname (*alias* East) he added to his own. Snodham succeeded to his old master's presses at the sign of the Black Horse in Aldersgate Street. He printed much music, e.g. Campion's music-books (1610 and 1612). In 1615 Wither's *Satyre* came from his press. He was active in the trade till his death in 1625. Beale, a



Harrison, apparently a grandson of the original holder, and the printer of the edition of 1600. (He was Master of the Stationers' Company in 1638.) This transaction, which involved the transfer to 'Master Harison' of over thirty books, is thus entered in the Stationers' Registers (iv. 237):—

fourth  
owner, June  
29, 1630—  
March 15,  
1655.

29 Junij 1630.

Assigned over vnto him [i. e. Master Harison] by master Francis Williams and order of a full Court all his estate right title and Interest in the Copies hereafter menconed

vizt. . . . . xijs vj<sup>d</sup>./

Lucrece.

Master Harison produced an edition in 1632, which was printed by R. B. [i. e. Richard Bishop]<sup>1</sup>, and he retained the property until his death twenty-three years later. His widow, Martha Harrison, sold it on March 15, 1655<sup>2</sup>, to yet another John Harison (or Harrison), apparently a nephew of her late husband, and the third of the name to hold the property. The third John Harrison was in partnership with William Gilbertson of the Bible in Giltspur Street, who had lately acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis*. Under some arrangement with Harrison, Gilbertson produced in 1655, with another coadjutor, John Stafford, the latest edition of *Lucrece* which appeared in the seventeenth century.

John Harrison the third, the fifth holder.

master printer from March 1, 1613, and a livery-man of the Stationers' Company from Feb. 4, 1635, was one of the most prosperous printers of his day.

<sup>1</sup> The initials R. B. alone appear on the title-page, but the full name of Richard Bishop figures as printer for Harrison in the same year of a new edition of John White's Short Catechism. No other member of the Stationers' Company, who was a printer, bore the same initials. Robert Bird, who acquired the copyright of *Pericles* in 1630, was a publisher or bookseller only. John Norton printed for him an edition of the play in that year. But it is puzzling to note that the printer's device with the motto 'In Domino Confido,' which appears on the last page of the 1632 *Lucrece*, is found on the title-page of the 1630 *Pericles*.



## V

The text and  
typography  
of the first  
edition.

HARRISON and Field's first edition of 1594 is the sole authentic source of the text of the poem. That alone followed the author's manuscript. The later editions were set up from those that went before. Small typographical changes were introduced into the reissues, but all the alterations may be put to the credit of correctors of the press acting on their own responsibility, excepting possibly in the case of the edition of 1616, which came out soon after Shakespeare's death. In that volume there are traces of a clumsy editorial revision.

Discrepan-  
cies among  
extant  
exemplars.

It is improbable that the author supervised the production of the first edition, but greater care was taken in its typography than in the case of any other of Shakespeare's works,—not excepting *Venus and Adonis*. The work is not free from misprints nor from other typographical irregularities. But an effort was made to reduce their number to the lowest possible limit. The original edition was printed off slowly; the type was kept standing after the first impressions left the office, and small changes were subsequently introduced into the standing type, with the result that the few surviving copies of the first edition show small discrepancies among themselves. One impression is freer from typographical errors than another, or a correction which has been made in one copy, with a view to improving the sense or the grammar, is absent from another copy. The alterations are not always intelligent, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare had any hand in them.

The Bod-  
leian copy, I.  
Unique  
readings.

The copy in the Bodleian Library which is reproduced in this volume—one of two in that library—has at least five readings which are met with nowhere else. They were apparently all deemed to be defects, and were afterwards changed.



Their survival in only one extant copy, their absence from all the others, proves that the copy which retains them was the earliest extant impression to leave the printing-office. The five unique readings in the Bodleian copy I, with the corrections which appear in all other impressions of the first edition, are:—‘morning’ (l. 24) for ‘mornings’ [i.e. morning’s]; ‘Appologie’ (l. 31) for ‘apologies’; ‘Colatium’ (l. 50) for ‘Colatia’; ‘himselfe betakes’ (l. 125) for ‘themselves betake’; ‘wakes’ (l. 126) for ‘wake.’

Only the first of these readings is a quite obvious misprint. The substitution of ‘apologies’ for ‘Appologie’ improves the spelling, but the verb ‘needeth’, which the noun governs, is suffered to remain in the singular after its subject is put into the plural—a syntactical construction which is defensible but not usual. The alteration ‘Colatia’ is right. No such town as *Colatium* is known, but in spite of its removal from line 50, the erroneous form ‘Colatium’ is still suffered to deface in all copies line 4—the only other place where the town is mentioned. The change in line 125 seems intended to get rid of the awkward construction of the singular verb with a plural subject in ‘winds that wakes’ in the next line, 126. In line 125 the first reading ‘And euerie one to rest *himself* betakes’ is grammatically better than the second, ‘And euerie one to rest *themselves* betake’; but in order to rime ‘wake’ (of the next line) satisfactorily, it was needful to put the verb at the end of the preceding line in the plural and to give it a plural instead of a singular subject.

In the following instance the reading in the Bodleian copy which is here reproduced appears in only one other copy—in the second (Caldecott) copy in the same library.

Reading  
peculiar to  
two extant  
copies.

‘Euen so *the* patterne of *this* worne out age’ (l. 1350.)



figures in all extant impressions save in the two in the Bodleian Library, where the line reads—

Euen so *this* pattern of *the* worne out age.

It is difficult to determine which is the better reading, but it is clear that '*the* patterne of *this* . . . age' was deemed the better by the corrector of the press.

Misprints  
peculiar to  
three extant  
copies.

The following two misprints in the Bodleian copy, which is here reproduced, are also met with in the second copy in the same library and in the Sion College copy as well, but both are corrected in the Devonshire and British Museum copies:—line 1182, 'which *for* (instead of *by*) him tainted'; line 1335, 'blasts' for 'blast.'

Misprints in  
all extant  
copies.

The following misprints seem common to all impressions:—Title-page (last line) 'Churh-yard' for 'Church-yard'; 'sleeep' (l. 163) for 'sleep'; 'to beguild' (l. 1544) for 'so beguild'; 'on' (l. 1680) for 'in'; 'it in' (l. 1713) for 'in it.' The inverted commas at the beginning of ll. 867-8 are exceptional, and may also be reckoned among typographical inaccuracies.

Capital  
letters  
within the  
line.

The volume offers examples of the ordinary irregularities which are usually met with in specimens of Elizabethan typography. Capital letters within the line are used little less arbitrarily than in *Venus and Adonis*. Such ordinary words as 'Tent' (15), 'Bee' (836, 840, 1769), 'Citty' (1554) and 'Foe' (1608), are always dignified with an initial capital. But the personified 'time' and 'opportunity' go without the distinction. No law is observable in such a distribution of capitals. In the first part of the poem, 'Beauty' is invariably spelt with a capital, but in the concluding stanzas it appears with a small letter; the word is used eighteen times in all, and the capital appears twelve times. 'Sun' occurs eight times in all, five times



with a capital. 'Heaven' is rarely allowed a capital, although 'Ocean' always is. It was obviously the intention of the printer to print all proper names in small capitals; but this rule, although often followed, was imperfectly carried out. Cf. line 553—

Small  
capitals.

'And moodie PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes.'  
'Pluto' is with, but 'Orpheus' is without, due mark of distinction. The place-name 'Ardea' is in lower-case type in line 1, but in small capitals in line 1332. 'Rome' appears six times and is never in small capitals. Other signs of careless revision are the substitution of a small letter for a capital at the opening of line 86, and the dropping in two places of the catchword—on pp. 28 and 90. Italics are not used at all, save in the 'Argument', which is italicized throughout, proper names only being in roman type.

The cursive contraction for 'm' or 'n'—a long line over the preceding vowel—is used thirty-eight times, commonly in order to save space. The ampersand '&' (for 'and') occurs fifteen times for the same reason. Both symbols are employed somewhat capriciously. Their employment reflects on the skill of the printer, even if they figured in the author's 'copy'.

Contrac-  
tions.

Variations in the spelling of the same word are comparatively few, but they are numerous enough to give ground for criticism. Thus we find 'doore' (306) and 'dore' (325, 337); 'dumbe' (268) and 'dum' (474); 'nurse' (1162) and 'nourse' (813); 'opportunity' (874, 876, 895, 932) and 'oportunitie' (903, 1023); 'rankes' (1439) and 'ranckes' (1441); 'Rome' and 'Roome' (1644, 1851); 'sometime' (1106) and 'sometime' (1105); 'spirite' (1346), 'sprite' (451), and 'spright' (121); 'tongue' (1465) and 'tong' (1463, 1718). In the case of 'tongue' and 'sometime' the variations occur within a couple of lines of one another. The curious spelling 'pollusion' for

Mis-  
spellings.



'pollution' (1157), where the word rimes with 'confusion' and 'conclusion', is another orthographical error.'

The text of  
1607.

The text of the late impressions of the 1594 edition was followed in the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. A few changes were introduced by the corrector of the press in each revision, but all were trivial and mainly affected the spelling, the capital letters, and the contractions. The fourth edition of 1607, despite the commendation which Thomas Heywood bestowed on its printer, Nicholas Okes, introduces some new misprints of bad eminence (e. g. l. 993, 'time' for 'crime'; l. 1024, 'unsearchfull' for 'uncheerful'). These were slavishly adopted by succeeding printers. In the imprint, the words 'Printed by N. O.' appear as 'Printed be N. O.'

The  
alterations  
of 1616.

Somewhat more extensive alterations marked the fifth edition, printed by T[homas] S[nodham], and published by Roger Iackson, in 1616. This edition was described on the title-page as '*Newly Reuised*', and bore for the first time the new title of *The Rape of Lucrece* instead of the *Lucrece* of the earlier issues. Shakespeare's name also appeared for the first time on the title-page. Traces of the hand of an unskilful editor are apparent. A new list of 'contents', which preceded the 'Argument' in the preliminary pages, collected together in a slightly abbreviated form twelve marginal notes which were distributed through the text of the poem, and supplied a running analysis of the story. The earlier marginal notes were numbered in the text; but the

'Pollution' is only used thrice elsewhere by Shakespeare. In two cases—in *Twelfth Night*, i. 2. 49, and *Measure for Measure*, ii. 4. 183—it is rightly spelt 'pollution' (in the First Folio). But in the third place where it occurs—in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 46—it is farcically misused by Goodman Dull for 'allusion', and is misspelt 'polusion' in both the First Quarto and the First Folio. The misspelling there seems deliberately introduced by way of ridicule of popular ignorance. In a serious context 'pollution' was alone recognized by careful writers or printers.



later notes were unnumbered. This list of contents and marginal notes were reprinted in all subsequent editions. The latter run thus:—

- (i) The praising of Lucrece as chaste, vertuous, and beautiful, maketh Tarquin enamor'd. (Stanza 1.)<sup>1</sup>
- (ii) Tarquin welcom'd by Lucrece. (Stanza 8.)
- (iii) Tarquin disputing the matter at last resolves to satisfy his Lust. (Stanza 25.)
- (iv) Lucretia wakes amazed and confounded to be so surpriz'd. (Stanza 66.)
- (v) Lucrece pleadeth in defence of Chastity and exprobrates his uncivil lust. (Stanza 82.)
- (vi) Tarquin all impatient interrupts her, and denied of consent breaketh the inclosure of her Chastity by Force. (Stanza 93.)
- (vii) Lucrece thus abused complains of her misery. (Stanza 109.)
- (viii) Lucrece continuing her laments, disputes whether she should kill her self or no. (Stanza 155.)
- (ix) Lucrece resolved to kill her self determines first to send her Husband word. (Stanza 174.)
- (x) Upon Lucrece sending for Colatine in such hast, he with divers of his Allies and Friends returns home. (Stanza 227.)
- (xi) Upon the Relation of Lucrece her Rape Colatine and the rest swear to revenge: but this seems not full satisfaction to her losses. (Stanza 243.)
- (xii) She killeth herself to exasperate them the more to punish the delinquent. (Stanza 245.)

The character of the textual changes, which are not

<sup>1</sup> The numbered stanza does not appear in the list of contents. I insert it with a view to showing the distribution of the marginal notes through the poem.



numerous, suggests that there, too, an editorial pen was working albeit clumsily. Metrical considerations probably account for the following alterations:—'so high a rate' (line 19 of 1616 edition) for 'such high proud rate'; 'a date expired; and cancel'd ere begun' (26) for 'an expired date, cancel'd ere well begun'; 'doth march' (301) for 'marcheth'; 'beneath' (543) for 'under'; 'ever dumb' (1123) for 'mute and dumb'; 'throughout Rome' (1851) for 'thorough Rome'. In l. 1680 the substitution of 'one woe' for the original misprint 'on woe' is ingenious, and the introduction of a hyphen in l. 1018 to connect the words 'skill' and 'contending' betrays intelligence. Other variations of the earlier text are unjustifiable: 'rue' (455) for 'true'; 'feeded' (603) for 'seeded'; 'bersed' (657) for 'hersed'; 'mighty' (680) for 'nightly'; 'foule lust' (684) for 'prone lust'; 'fears' (698) for 'fares'; 'of reine' (706) for 'or reine'; 'disdaine' (786) for 'distain'; 'Palmer that' (790) for 'Palmer chat'; 'bannes' (859) for 'barnes'; 'time' (993) for 'crime'; omission of epithet 'goodly' in 1247; 'held' (1257) for 'hild.'

The editions  
of 1624,  
1632, 1655,  
and 1707.

The edition of 1624 follows that of 1616 servilely. Only the title-pages differ. Even the error in the signature (B4 for A4) is repeated. The edition of 1632 adds some new misprints (e.g. l. 47, 'growes' for 'glowes'; l. 156, 'konur' for 'honour'; l. 282, 'cloakt' for 'choked'; l. 854, 'iniquity' for 'impurity'). The reissue of 1655 closely adheres to that of 1632, with a few misreadings of its own. The next reprint figured in the *Poems on Affairs of State* (1707), vol. iv, pp. 143-204. The text is that of 1655, with a few worthless emendations.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately the crude misreadings of 1707

<sup>1</sup> The chief changes were:—l. 35, 'from theevish Cares' for 'From theeuish eares'; l. 161, 'the wretched hateful Lays' for '& wretched hateful daies'; l. 148, 'all' for 'ill'; l. 317, 'the Needle' for 'her needle'; l. 650, 'fresh false hast' for 'fresh fall's haste'; l. 684, 'foul' for 'prone'; l. 1520,



were accepted by Gildon, who brought out an edition of Shakespeare's 'Poems,' by way of supplement to Rowe's collective edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1710.<sup>1</sup> Gildon did little more than reproduce the poor text of 1707, and his text was accepted without inquiry by other eighteenth-century editors. Lintott, in one of his impressions of Shakespeare's 'Poems' in 1709, gave *Lucrece* a title-page bearing the date 1632, but he did not follow the edition of that year with much precision. It was not until Malone reprinted the poems in 1780, that any collation was attempted of the current text with the first edition of 1594. Then at length the poet's words were freed of a century and a half's accumulation of ignorant misreadings.

## VI

EIGHT editions of *Lucrece* are known to have been published between its first issue in 1594 and 1655, when the last of the seventeenth-century editions appeared. Four editions came out in Shakespeare's lifetime respectively, in 1594, 1598, 1600, and 1607. A fifth followed in 1616, the year of his death, and others in 1621, 1632, and 1655. The number of extant copies of all these early editions are very few, and it is possible that there were other editions, of which every exemplar has disappeared. Malone mentions editions of 1596 and 1602, but no editions dated in either of these years have come to light.<sup>2</sup> Two of the known editions

Census of  
extant  
copies.

'woman' for 'workman'; l. 1736, 'in pure Revenge' for 'in poor revenge'. The substitution of 'soul lust' (l. 684) for 'prone lust' and of 'peal'd' for 'pild' (in the sense of 'peeled') in lines 1167 and 1169 were attempts to make difficult words clear to eighteenth-century readers.

<sup>1</sup> See *Venus and Adonis*, Introduction, pp. 71-2.

<sup>2</sup> An edition which was once in the possession of Halliwell-Phillipps lacked a title-page and was at one time declared by him to belong to the year 1610, but this is probably a copy of the edition of 1632 (see No. XXIX *infra*).



only survive in single copies. It is curious to note that a larger number of copies are accessible of the original edition than of any other of the first seven. As many as ten are now traceable. Several of these have been recovered recently. Thomas Grenville asserted some sixty years ago that only three were known. George Daniel, Frederick Locker Lampson, and other collectors of the last half-century raised their estimate to five. That number must now be doubled.

It is likely enough that of all the editions more copies will be found hereafter. At present all the known copies of the first seven editions (excluding fragments) number no more than thirty. The eighth edition stands in a somewhat different position. Some twenty copies seem traceable, but of these only six contain the rare frontispiece and are perfect, two of these being in Great Britain and the rest in America. Of the thirty copies of the first seven editions, twenty are now in Great Britain, nine are in America, and one, which has lately changed hands, is not at the moment located. Of the twenty British copies, fifteen are in public institutions,—five being in the British Museum, five in the Bodleian Library, two in the Capell Collection of Trinity College, Cambridge, one in the University Library, Edinburgh, one at Sion College, London, and one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Five are in the hands of English private owners. Of the nine American copies, one is in a public institution—the Lenox Library, New York—and eight are in private hands.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A copy of an unspecified edition of *Lucrece*, sold with twenty-two other pieces, brought in 1680, at the sale of Sir Kenelm Digby's library, three shillings. Comparatively few copies have figured in public auctions of late years. The highest price which the first edition has fetched is £200, which it reached at the Perkins sale in 1889. No copy of that edition has occurred for sale since. Of the later editions, £75—the price paid for a copy of the 1632 edition at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale, also in 1889—is the auction record. For the frontispiece of the 1655 edition as much as £110 was paid at



The first edition of *Lucrece* is the only one which appeared in quarto. The signatures run:—A i, A ii, B–N, in fours. There are forty-seven leaves in all without pagination. The dedication figures on the recto side, and the ‘Argument’ on the verso side, of the leaf signed A ii. The text of the poem commences on the leaf signed B. The title-page runs:—LVCRECE | [Field’s device and motto] LONDON | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound | in Paules Churh-yard 1594. | The pattern of Field’s device of the suspended anchor, with his motto *Anchora Spei*, slightly differs from that on the title-page of *Venus and Adonis*. In the *Lucrece* volume the boughs are crossed in front of the stem of the anchor, instead of being figured behind the stem, as in the *Venus and Adonis* volume.

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594

The copy of the first edition of the poem, which is reproduced in facsimile for the first time in this volume, is one of the two exemplars now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It belongs to the collection of books which was presented in 1816 to the library by the brother of Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean commentator, and is numbered Malone 34. In the spring of 1779, Malone bought for twenty guineas a single volume containing this copy of the first edition of *Lucrece*, together with a first edition of Shakespeare’s *Sonnets*.<sup>1</sup> At a later date he caused these and many other of his quarto editions of Shakespeare’s works to be inlaid and

No. I.  
Bodleian (1).

a sale in 1902. At the present moment the prices are rapidly rising. A perfect copy of a first edition would be likely to reach £1000, and a perfect copy of any later edition of the seventeenth century, £500. Justin Winsor’s *Bibliography of Shakespeare’s Poems* (Boston, 1879), and the preface to the Cambridge Shakespeare (new edit. 1891), supply some useful particulars in regard to extant copies, but most of the information recorded here has been derived from a personal inspection of the copies, or from correspondence with the present owners, or from sale catalogues.

<sup>1</sup> Charlemont MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep.*), i. 343.



FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594.

to be bound up somewhat capriciously—six or seven together—in a long series of large volumes. His copy of the 1594 *Lucrece* now fills the first place in the volume which is labelled outside 'Shakespeare Quartos, volume III,' and contains six quarto tracts. The edition of *Lucrece* measures  $7\frac{5}{16}'' \times 5''$ , but is inlaid on paper measuring  $9\frac{1}{8}'' \times 7\frac{1}{8}''$ . The poem is followed successively by a copy of the *Sonnets* of 1609 (with the Aspley reprint); by *Hamlet*, 1607; by two quartos of *Pericles* dated respectively 1609 and 1619, and by *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

No. II.  
Bodleian (2).

A second copy in the Bodleian Library of the first edition of *Lucrece* was the gift of Thomas Caldecott in 1833, and is marked Malone 886. It is bound up with copies of the 1594 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, and of the first edition of the *Sonnets*, 1609 (with the John Wright imprint). The three tracts were purchased by Caldecott in June, 1796, 'of an obscure bookseller of . . . Westminster'.<sup>1</sup> The *Lucrece*, which comes second in the volume, has been seriously pruned by the binder, and measures only  $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{7}{16}''$ . The title-page has been torn in places and roughly repaired.

No. III.  
British  
Museum (1).

Of the two copies in the British Museum the better one was purchased at the Bright sale, in 1845, for £58. The press-mark is C.21.c.45. It was bound by Hayday in maroon morocco, and, though several leaves have been repaired, is in good condition. It measures  $7'' \times 4\frac{1}{16}''$ .

No. IV.  
British  
Museum (2).

The second copy in the British Museum is in the Grenville Collection (G.11178). It was purchased by Thomas Grenville, the collector, at the Combe sale in 1837. It is well bound in morocco. Grenville described it in a note in the volume as one of only three known copies. It measures  $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5''$ . The last leaf is missing, and its place is filled by a reprint from Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library.

No. V.  
Sion College.

The perfect copy in Sion College, London, formed part of the library of Thomas James, a well-known London printer,

<sup>1</sup> See *Venus and Adonis*, Introduction, p. 59.



whose widow, Mrs. Eleanor James, presented it with other volumes in 1711 to Sion College 'out of her singular affection and respect for the London clergy'. The copy, which is now separately bound, originally formed part of a volume in which five rare poetical tracts of like date were bound together.<sup>1</sup> The copy seems to have been printed off somewhat later than the Malone, and earlier than the Duke of Devonshire's copy or the Bright copy in the British Museum. Lines 1182 and 1350 read as in the Malone copy and not as in the Duke of Devonshire's and British Museum (Bright) copies. At other points (lines 31 and 125-6) the readings are identical with the Devonshire and British Museum (Bright) copies and differ from those of the Malone.<sup>2</sup> The measurements are  $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ .

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594.

The Duke of Devonshire's copy, now at Chatsworth, originally belonged to the great actor John Philip Kemble, whose library was acquired by the sixth Duke of Devonshire in 1821. Kemble inlaid and mounted his quarto plays and poems, and bound them up—six or seven together—in a long series of volumes. *Lucrece* forms part of volume cxxi in his collection of plays. There are six quartos altogether in the volume, the other five being the edition of *Pericles*, 1609; and early copies of the four pseudo-Shakespearean plays, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1613; *The London Prodigall*, 1605; *Lochrine*, 1595; and the first part of *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600. *Lucrece* does not seem to

No. VI.  
Devonshire  
copy.

<sup>1</sup> In the original manuscript catalogue of the library there appears the entry 'Shakespeare's *Lucrece*', &c. In Reading's Catalogue of Sion College Library (1724) the tracts bound up with *Lucrece* are indicated. All are now separately bound and are of the highest rarity. They are:—1. Barnfield's *Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594 (the only other known copy is at Britwell). 2. Michael Drayton's *Idea: The Shepherds Garland*, 1593 (only two other copies seem to have been met with, and none is in a public library). 3. O. B.'s *Display of Vain Life*, printed by Richard Field and dedicated to the Earl of Essex, 1594 (fairly common). 4. *Lamentation of Troy for the Death of Hector*, 1594, by I. O. (fairly common). 5. *An old fashioned loue . . .* by T. T. Gent. 1594 (a translation of Watson's Latin poem *Amyntas*); the only other copy known is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The last two tracts were both printed by Peter Short for William Mattes.

<sup>2</sup> See pp. 31-2 *supra*.



FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594.

have been collated by Kemble, but it is quite perfect; the other pieces in the volume have a note, 'Collated and perfect, J.P.K.,' with date either 1792 or 1798. The original page measures  $6\frac{5}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{8}''$ , but the page in which the text is inlaid,  $8\frac{5}{8}'' \times 6\frac{7}{16}''$ . It is one of the later impressions of the first edition, closely resembling the copies in the British Museum.

No. VII.  
Mr. A. H.  
Huth's copy.

The copy owned by Mr. A. H. Huth was purchased at the Daniel sale, in 1864, for £157 10s. 0d. It is a perfect exemplar.

No. VIII.  
Holford  
copy.

A copy belonging to Capt. George Lindsay Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, London, was purchased by the present owner's father, Robert Stayner Holford, for £100, about 1860, and is stated to be quite perfect.

No. IX.  
Mr. White's  
copy.

Two fine copies are now in America. One of these belongs to Mr. William Augustus White, of Brooklyn. Mr. White's copy, which measures  $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$ , seems to have been at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the Chapter library of Lincoln Cathedral.<sup>1</sup> It subsequently passed into the possession of Sir William Bolland, Baron of the Exchequer, who died in 1840. On Sir William Bolland's death, it appears to have been purchased by the well-known bookseller, Thomas Rodd, for 100 guineas. It then passed into the library of Frederick Perkins, of Chipstead (1780-1860). At the sale of Perkins' library on July 10, 1889, when the catalogue noticed 'a small hole burnt in two leaves, destroying a few letters', it was purchased by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller, for £200, and was acquired by the present owner.<sup>2</sup>

No. X.  
Mr. E.  
Dwight  
Church's  
(Rowfant)  
copy.

A copy in the library of Mr. E. Dwight Church, of New York, was formerly in that of Frederick Locker Lampson, at Rowfant, Sussex, which was sold to Messrs. Dodd, Mead &

<sup>1</sup> See Dibdin's *Library Companion*, p. 696, and *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii, p. 264.

<sup>2</sup> A facsimile of the title-page of this copy is given in *Contributions to English Bibliography*, Grolier Club, 1895, p. 182.



Co., of New York, in 1904. It is a perfect copy, measuring  $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5''$ , and is bound in red morocco with tooled sides by Zaehnsdorf. It was apparently at one time the property of Sir William Tite, at the sale of whose library in 1874 it fetched £110.<sup>1</sup>

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594.

A fragment of the first edition was sold in 1852, at the sale of the library of Edward Vernon Utterson, for £4 10s. 0d. Mr. White, of Brooklyn, possesses sixteen leaves (B 1, B 4, C 1-F 2) of a second copy, measuring  $7\frac{1}{10}'' \times 5\frac{3}{16}''$ . It is possible that this is the Utterson fragment.

Fragment.

The first edition of *Lucrece* has been twice issued in facsimile; firstly, in the series of reproductions of Shakespearean quartos undertaken by E. W. Ashbee under J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' direction in 1867 (of which fifty copies were prepared and nineteen of these destroyed); and secondly, in the series of Shakspeare-Quarto facsimiles with introduction by F. J. Furnivall, 1886 (No. 35), published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, from the copy in the British Museum.

Photo-  
graphic re-  
productions.

The second edition appeared in 1598. Unlike the first edition, which was a quarto, the second, like all its successors, is an octavo. The signatures run A-E 4 in eights. The leaves number thirty-six and the pages are unnumbered. Only a single copy of the second edition is known. It is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The title-page runs:—LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed by P. S. for Iohn | Harrison. 1598. | It was printed by Peter Short. The title-page bears the signature of two former owners—Robert Cheney, who seems to have paid 12d. for the copy, and of Count Eieschi. The ornaments are those usually associated with Peter Short's press. Notes of

SECOND  
EDITION,  
1598.  
No. XI.  
Capell copy.

<sup>1</sup> Justin Winsor's statement that Capell's copy is missing from the collection in Trinity College, Cambridge, is incorrect. Capell never possessed a copy, but in the Catalogue of his Shakespearean Library he mentions that one is in the library of Sion College, London, and that he had collated it with his own exemplar of 1598.



SECOND  
EDITION,  
1598.

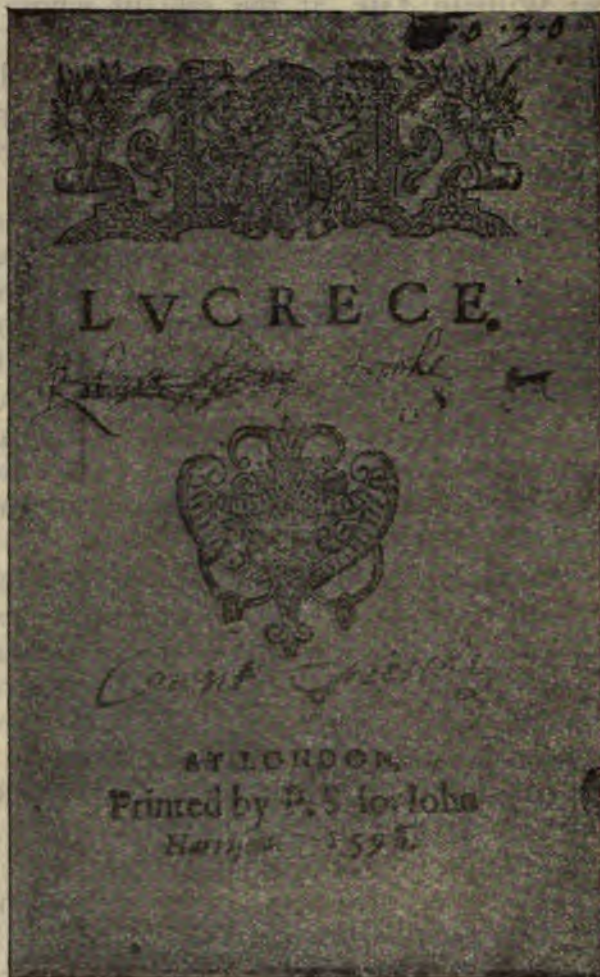
a thorough collation by Capell of this copy with one of the first edition of 1594 in Sion College Library are scattered through the volume. The dimensions of the volume are  $4\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ .

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1600.  
No. XII.  
Bodleian  
copy (1).

The edition of 1600 is in octavo, with signatures A-E 4 in eights. Signature E 3 is misprinted B 3. It has thirty-six leaves, and no pagination. Only one *perfect* copy is known. This is in the Malone collection (Malone 327) in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It is bound up with a copy of *Venus and Adonis* which has a title-page supplied in manuscript (see *Venus and Adonis*, Census, No. VIII). The volume was presented to Ma-

lone by Dr. Richard Farmer in 1779.<sup>1</sup> The *Lucrece* is in good condition. The measurements are  $4\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3''$ .

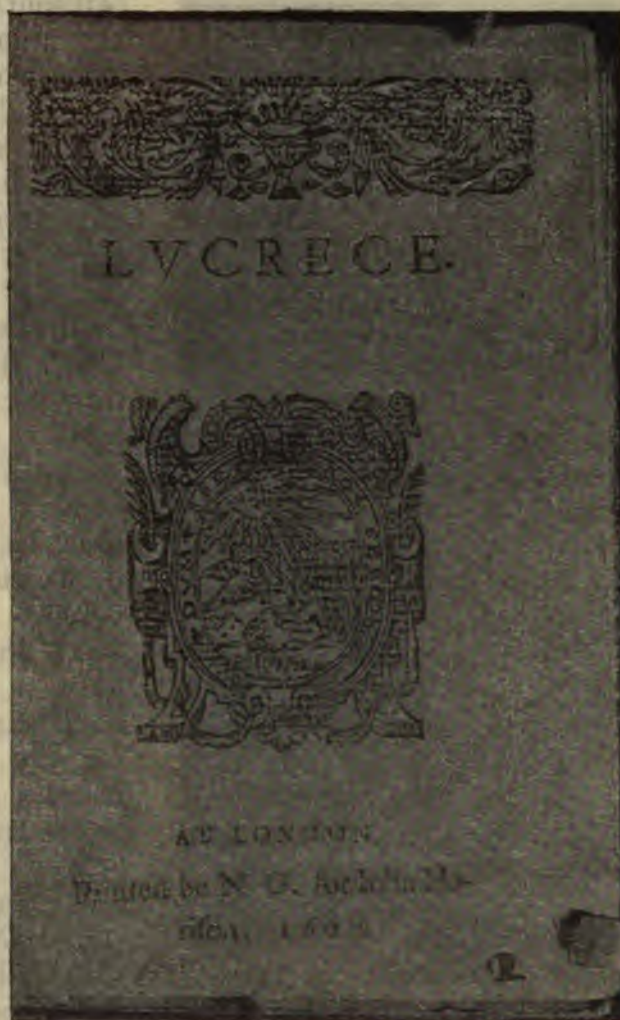
<sup>1</sup> There is a note to that effect in Malone's autograph in the volume. Malone soon afterwards lent the volume to Steevens so that he might read the 1600 edition of *Lucrece*. He returned it with a sarcastic drawing which still



THIRD  
EDITION,  
1600.  
FOURTH  
EDITION,  
1607.

De Balzac, translated out of the french copy by A. S. Gent.<sup>2</sup>  
(London, 1636).

The fourth edition of 1607, in small octavo, was printed



by Nicholas Okes for John Harrison. The title-page runs:—  
LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed by N. O. for Iohn Ha-  
rison. 1607. | The leaves number thirty-two without pagina-



tion. The signatures run A-D 8; A 4 is misprinted B 4. On the title-page appears the misprint *be* for *by* (in the imprint 'Printed be N. O.'). Harrison's device and motto, *Dum spero, fero*, figure as in the edition of 1600. There is a circular ornament at the end of the 'Argument'.

FOURTH  
EDITION,  
1607.

Two copies are known. The Capell copy in Trinity College, Cambridge, measures 5" x 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

No. XIV.  
Capell copy.

The second copy, in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House, London, measures 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". The leaves are much cut down. The volume is bound in orange morocco. This copy possesses much historic interest. It was purchased by John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater, who took the part of the Elder Brother in the performance of Milton's *Comus* at Ludlow Castle, in 1634. The words 'By W: Shakespeare' are written in a contemporary hand across the title-page. The copy was described at length, but not with accuracy, by John Payne Collier in his *Early English Literature at Bridgewater House*, 1837, pp. 280-2, and in his *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, 1865, vol. ii, pp. 332 seq. Collier claims for the edition textual superiority to the preceding edition of 1600, which a careful collation seems hardly to justify. It follows the text of 1600 with very trivial modification.

No. XV.  
Bridgewater  
copy.

The fifth edition of 1616 (in small octavo), in spite of many typographical changes, is of the same size (thirty-two leaves without pagination) and has the same signatures as the issue of 1607. The signature A 4 is again misprinted B 4. Of this fifth edition four copies are known. The title-page runs:—THE | RAPE OF | LVCRECE | By | Mr. *William Shakespeare* | Newly Reuised. | LONDON: | Printed by T. S. for *Roger Jackson*, and are | to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street, 1616. | Of the four extant copies, two are in America.

FIFTH  
EDITION,  
1616.

The copy in the British Museum was acquired on April 5, 1858. It seems to have been sold by auction at Sotheby's, May, 1856, for £23 10s. 0d. It is not in very clean condition. Many leaves are pieced or patched, and the last five,

No. XVI.  
British  
Museum  
copy.



FIFTH  
EDITION,  
1616.

which were defective, have been repaired in facsimile. The measurements are  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ . The volume was in recent times bound by Bedford in red morocco. The press-mark is C. 34. a. 44.

No. XVII.  
Bodleian  
copy.

The copy in the Bodleian Library was part of the bequest of Thomas Caldecott and reached the Library in 1833 (Malone 892). The leaves have been much cut by the binder. The measurements are  $5\frac{1}{6}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$ .

No. XVIII.  
Lenox  
Library,  
New York.

There is a copy in the Lenox Library in the New York Public Library which has been cut close at top and bottom. This was probably the one priced by the bookseller Rodd in his catalogue of 1837 at four guineas, and may be that sold with the *Venus and Adonis* of 1636 and other poetical tracts at the sale of Thomas Pearson's library in 1788.

No. XIX.  
Mr. Dwight  
Church's  
(Rowfant)  
copy.

The copy formerly in the library of Frederick Locker Lampson, of Rowfant, now belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church, of New York. Measuring  $5\frac{1}{6}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$  and being bound by Riviere, it was formerly in the library of Frederick Ouvry. It is cut in the lower margin. It was bought in the Ouvry sale, in 1882, by Bernard Quaritch, for £35 10s. 0d., and shortly afterwards went to Rowfant. It passed to the present owner early in 1905.

SIXTH  
EDITION,  
1624.

Of the edition of 1624, in small octavo, six copies are now traceable, of which only two are now in England, and both of these are in the British Museum. The text with list of contents and marginal notes follows that of 1616. The signatures are the same, and the leaves number thirty-two, without pagination. The title runs:—The | Rape | of | Luvcrece. | By Mr. *William Shakespeare*. | Newly Revised. | LONDON | Printed by I. B. for *Roger Jackson*, and are | to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street, 1624.

No. XX.  
British  
Museum (1)  
(Grenville).

A fair copy is in the Grenville collection (No. 11179) at the British Museum. It was possibly bought at the Jolley sale in 1844. The measurements are  $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$ . The title and last leaf are not in good condition and a few of the headlines are cut into. It is bound in green morocco.

No. XXI.  
British  
Museum (2).

The second copy now known to be in Great Britain is also in the British Museum—press-mark C. 39. a. 37 (2). It



measures  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ , and is bound with four other poetical tracts of like date.

Four other copies are now in America. The best belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church. It was in the eighteenth century the property of Sir John Fenn (1739-94), the editor of the 'Paston Letters'. A subsequent owner was Philip Howard Frere (1813-68). It is a fine and clean copy. Sir John Fenn cut out the woodcut and imprint of the title-page, placing the excised slips in his collection of cuttings. These were discovered in a scrapbook formerly in the possession of Sir John Fenn, by Dr. Aldis Wright, who replaced them in the title-page of the copy, while Frere was its owner. The copy passed into the hands of the American collector, Thomas Jefferson McKee, at whose sale in 1901 it was acquired by the present owner. The size of the leaf is  $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$ . The volume is bound in green levant morocco.

SIXTH  
EDITION,  
1624.  
No. XXII.  
Mr. Dwight  
Church's  
copy.

The Rowfant copy, which formerly belonged to Frederick Locker Lampson, has the inscription on title-page: 'Pretium 4 N: L: S:'. It measures  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{7}{16}''$ . It at one time belonged to Narcissus Luttrell (1657-1732), and seems to have been sold at the Ouvry sale in 1882, for £31, to Messrs. Ellis and White, the booksellers of Bond Street. It was acquired by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., booksellers of New York, in 1904.

No. XXIII.  
Dodd, Mead  
& Co.'s  
(Rowfant)  
copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. Folger, of New York, seems to have been sold at Sotheby's in a miscellaneous sale on June 18, 1903, and bought by Messrs. Sotheran for £130. A few headlines are shaved.

No. XXIV.  
Mr. Folger's  
copy.

A copy belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, formerly belonged to Halliwell[-Phillipps], who paid Quaritch £42 for it in November, 1885. It measures  $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ .

No. XXV.  
Mr. Perry's  
copy.

In the seventh edition of 1632, the signatures run A in fours, B-D7 in eights; B4 is misprinted B2. On the last page (D7 verso) the word 'Finis' is followed by a woodcut with the motto *In Domino confido*. The typography is distinguished by the excessive use of italics for ordinary words. The leaves number thirty. There is no pagination.

SEVENTH  
EDITION,  
1632.



SEVENTH  
EDITION,  
1632.

There are five extant copies of the edition of 1632—one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; another in the library of Mrs. Christie Miller at Britwell; a third in unknown hands; the fourth (defective) at Edinburgh University Library; and the fifth in America, in Mr. Perry's library at Providence. The title-page runs:—The | Rape | of | Lucrece | by | Mr. *William Shakespeare* | Newly revised. [Printer's device with motto *Dum spero fero.*] London. | Printed by R. B. for *John Harrison* and | are to be sold at his shop at the golden | Vnicorne in *Pater-noster Row.* | 1632. | In one of the impressions of the edition of Shakespeare's *Poems* issued by the bookseller Lintott in 1710, he gives a title-page of *Lucrece* bearing the date 1632. A copy of that edition was doubtless in his possession.

No. XXVI.  
Corpus  
Christi  
College,<sup>1</sup>  
Oxford.

The Corpus Christi College copy, which measures  $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 3\frac{7}{8}''$ , was presented to the college by a seventeenth-century Fellow, John Rosewell, Canon of Windsor. It is in old calf, and bound up with a defective copy (having no title) of an English translation by Thomas Hudson of the *History of Judith* (1584) from the French of Du Bartas.

No. XXVII.  
Britwell  
copy.

The Britwell copy formerly belonged to George Steevens, and was bought at his sale in 1800 by Richard Heber for fifteen shillings. It passed from the Heber Library into the possession of William Henry Miller, the founder of the library at Britwell, in 1834. The measurements are  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$ . It is bound up with a copy of Charles Fitz-Geffry's *Blessed Birthday* (Oxford, 1636).

No.  
XXVIII.  
Untraced  
copy.

A copy belonging to John Mansfield Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, of which some leaves had rough edges, was sold at Sotheby's at the sale of the Mackenzie Library, March 11, 1889, and was purchased by Pearson & Co., the London booksellers, for £26 10s. 0d. Its present owner has not been traced.

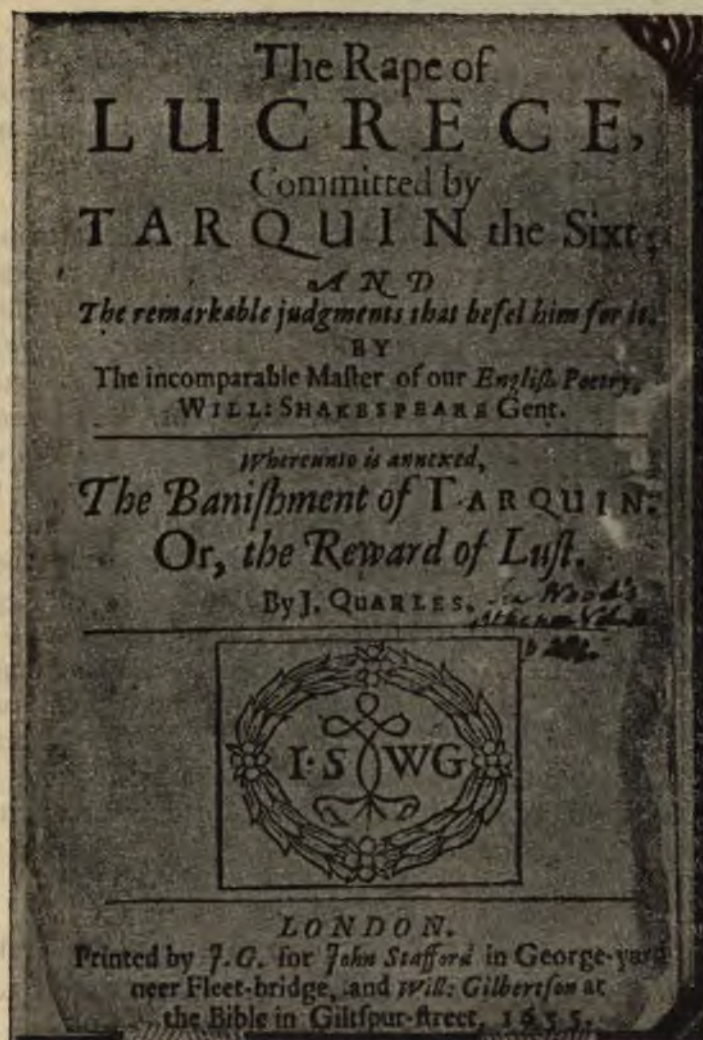
No. XXIX.  
Edinburgh  
University  
copy.

A defective copy (consisting of twenty-seven leaves of the thirty) is in the Edinburgh University Library.<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Thanks are due to Dr. Eggeling and to Mr. Alex. Anderson of Edinburgh University for the opportunity of determining the date of this copy.



measurements are  $5\frac{1}{8}'' \times 3\frac{5}{16}''$ . It has no title-page, and the leaves C and C<sub>2</sub> (lines 764-903) are missing. The bottom edges are closely shaved throughout. It was bound by SEVENTH EDITION, 1632.



Tuckett. It was presented, in 1872, to the Edinburgh University by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who, in a manuscript note, describes it as a unique exemplar, in ignorance of the

SEVENTH  
EDITION,  
1632.

survival of any other copy of the 1632 edition. Halliwell-Phillipps had, in his Folio Shakespeare (1865), dated this defective copy before 1616, assigning it tentatively to the year 1610, but his final opinion that it was issued in 1632 is undoubtedly right.

No. XXX.  
Mr. Perry's  
copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, was purchased for £75 at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale, in 1889. It measures  $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$ , and is bound in red morocco, by Lortic frères. Some of the lower and outer leaves are uncut.

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.

A reissue in 1655, for which William Gilbertson, who had just purchased the copyright, was mainly responsible, bears this title:—The Rape of LUCRECE, Committed by TARQUIN the Sixth; AND *The remarkable judgments that befel him for it.* BY The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry*, WILL: SHAKESPEARE Gent. *Whereunto is annexed, The Banishment of TARQUIN: Or, the Reward of Lust.* By J. Quarles. LONDON. Printed by J. G. for John Stafford in George-yard neer Fleet-bridge, and Will: Gilbertson at the Bible in Giltspur-street, 1655. The pages are numbered 1–71 for Shakespeare's poem and 1–12 for Quarles' brief sequel. The signatures are continuous throughout—A 4, B–F 8 in eights, G 4. The volume opens with an engraved frontispiece, by William Faithorne. In the upper part of the page is a small oval portrait of Shakespeare, adapted from the Droeshout engraving in the First Folio, and below are full-length pictures of Collatinus and Lucretia with the inscription in large italics:—

The Fates decree that tis a mighty wrong  
To Woemen Kinde, to have more Greife, then Tongue.  
Will: Gilbirson: John Stafford excud.

On the title-page, which faces the frontispiece and is in ordinary type, is the device of a wreath containing the initials I. S. and W. G. (i.e. John Stafford and William Gilbertson). A dedication follows on sig. A3, 'To my



esteemed friend Mr. Nehemiah Massey,' and is signed John Quarles. The 'Argument' is on A<sub>4</sub>, and the text of Shakespeare's poem on B-F<sub>4</sub> (verso blank). The separate title-page

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.



of Quarles' poem is on F<sub>5</sub>:—Tarquin Banished: Or, The Reward Of Lust. Written by J. Q. There follows an address 'To the Reader' (F<sub>6</sub>), and the text of Quarles' poem fills F<sub>7</sub>–G<sub>4</sub>.

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.

The frontispiece is met with in very few copies, and lends the volume its main value and interest. It supplies the third engraved portrait of Shakespeare in point of time, that by Droeshout of the First Folio of 1623 being the first, and the second being the engraving by William Marshall before Shakespeare's *Poems* of 1640. Of the three early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, this by Faithorne is most rarely met with. Halliwell[-Phillipps], writing before 1856, stated that he had seen thirty copies of the 1655 edition of *Lucrece* without the title-page and only one with it. Only two copies of the volume with the frontispiece seem accessible in Great Britain, while four seem to be in America.

WITH THE  
FRONTIS-  
PIECE.  
No. XXXI.  
British  
Museum (1).

Three copies of the edition are in the British Museum, but only one of them has the frontispiece (C. 34. a. 45). The perfect copy, which measures  $5\frac{7}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{16}''$ , was acquired by the Museum, April 3, 1865. It is stained and very closely trimmed, but the impression of the frontispiece is singularly brilliant, though the verses beneath it have been cut into by the binder. This copy was at one time in the possession of Halliwell[-Phillipps], who sold it by auction at Sotheby's in May, 1856, for £25 10s. 0d. Halliwell[-Phillipps] inserted a manuscript note, calling attention to the extreme rarity of the edition with the frontispiece, and to its comparatively frequent occurrence without that embellishment.

No.  
XXXII.  
Bodleian  
copy.

The copy in the Bodleian Library (Malone 889) was bequeathed by Thomas Caldecott in 1833. It measures  $5\frac{5}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ . The frontispiece is mounted, and may possibly have come from another copy. The title-page is cropped and mutilated at the bottom. The binding is probably of the late eighteenth century. At the back of the *Lucrece* title-page the 'Wriothesley' dedication is copied in manuscript from the 1616 edition.

No.  
XXXIII.  
Barton  
collection,  
Boston  
Public  
Library.

The copy in the Barton collection at the Boston Public Library has the frontispiece inlaid. This copy was thus described by the bookseller, Thomas Rodd, on October 5, 1835:—'The title-page torn and laid down. The frontispiece inlaid. Several leaves cut into the side margin &



dirty. The back margin sewed in.' Rodd thought it might be identical with the copy sold in 1827 at the Field sale for £3 19s. 0d. It was purchased by T. P. Barton of New York, from Rodd, in 1835, and bequeathed by Barton to the Boston Public Library in 1876. It is bound in green morocco by Mackenzie, and the binder has misplaced pages 5 and 8.

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.

An interesting copy, belonging to Mr. Dwight Church of New York, bound in old calf, has the frontispiece, but it is cut into at the bottom. Some of the pages of the text are also closely cut. The copy, which measures  $5\frac{7}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$ , seems identical with one which was purchased at Sotheby's, by [Sir] William Tite, in 1850, for £26 5s. 0d. and sold at the Tite sale in 1874, for £11 5s. 0d. Mr. Church's copy is carefully described in *Contributions to English Bibliography*, Grolier Club, 1895, p. 183.

No.  
XXXIV.  
Mr. Dwight  
Church of  
New York.

Mr. Folger, junior, of New York, possesses a perfect copy. This was apparently the copy which belonged to Dr. Richard Farmer, and was for a time in the library of Henry F. Sewall of New York, at the sale of whose books in 1897 it fetched £37 (\$185).

No.  
XXXV.  
Mr. Folger  
of New York.

A fourth perfect copy was sold at the Daniel sale in 1864, for £40 19s. 0d., and was subsequently in the library of E. G. Asay of Chicago.

No.  
XXXVI.  
Untraced  
(Daniel)  
copy.

Of two copies in the British Museum without the frontispiece one is bound up with a volume of pamphlets in the King's Library, E. 1672/3. The date, 'Aug: 31,' is written in a contemporary hand above the imprint, and was probably the day of publication in the year 1655. The book is in good condition. It measures  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$ .

WITHOUT  
THE FRON-  
TISPIECE.

The second copy without the frontispiece, which is at the British Museum, is in the Grenville collection (G. 11432). All the leaves are stained and have been mended. The volume is bound in olive morocco and measures  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ . This may be the copy formerly in the library of George Hibbert, of Portland Place, which was sold at the Hibbert sale in 1829, for £2 6s. 0d.

No.  
XXXVII.  
British  
Museum (2).

No.  
XXXVIII.  
British  
Museum (3).

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.  
No.  
XXXIX.  
Edinburgh  
University.  
Nos. XL.  
and XLI.  
Britwell  
copies.

There is a copy in the University Library at Edinburgh, without the frontispiece, and two copies without the title-page are at Britwell; one of the latter formerly belonged to Richard Heber.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Notices of other imperfect copies without the frontispiece appear in sale catalogues. In the 'Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica' (1815), a catalogue of rare books on sale at Messrs. Longmans, of Paternoster Row, a copy is priced at £1 10s. 0d. but no particulars of its condition are given. One was sold at the Utterson sale in 1852, for four guineas (without frontispiece and the bottom line of title cut off); another at the Frederick Perkins' sale in 1889, bound by Roger Payne, for £3 6s. 0d.; a third, belonging to Halliwell-Phillipps, bound by Bedford in morocco, was sold at the sale of his library, July 1, 1889, to Raglan for £22 0s. 0d. At two miscellaneous sales at Sotheby's, on June 18 and December 4, 1902, respectively, the frontispiece and title-page were sold detached from the volume. On the first occasion they were bought for £13 10s. 0d. by Mr. Gribble, and on the second occasion Messrs. Pearson & Co. were the purchasers for £110.





# L V C R E C E.



L O N D O N.

Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound  
in Paules Church-yard, 1 5 9 4.





# TO THE RIGHT

HONOURABLE, HENRY

Wriothesley, Earle of Southampton,  
and Baron of Titchfield.



HE loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: whereof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. VVhat I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. VVere my worth greater, my duty would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duty.

William Shakespeare.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**L**Ucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after hee had caused his owne father in law Scruius Tullius to be cruelly murthered, and contrarie to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other Noble men of Rome, to besiege Ardea, during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper every one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by their secret and sodaine arrivall to make triall of that which everyone had before avouched, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and revelling, or in severall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the Fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enamoured with Lucrece beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after privately withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night he treacherously steales into her Chamber, violently ravisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her father; another to the Campe for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her revenge: revealed the Actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall sodainly stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to roote out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deede: with a better invective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.





THE RAPE OF  
LVCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed TARQVIN, leaues the Roman host,  
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,  
VVhich in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames, the wast  
Of COLATINES fair loue, LVCRECE the chaste.

Hap'ly that name of chaste, vnhap'ly set  
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite:  
VVhen COLATINE vnwisely did not let,  
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,  
VVhich triumpht in that skie of his delight:  
VVhere mortal stars as bright as heauē's Beauties,  
VVith pure aspects did him peculiar dueties.

B

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

For he the night before in Tarquins Tent,  
Unlockt the treasure of his happie state:  
VVhat priselesse wealth the heauens had him lent,  
In the possession of his beauteous mate.  
Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,  
That Kings might be espowed to more fame,  
But King nor Peere to such a peerelesse dame.

O happinesse enioy'd but of a few,  
And if posselt as soone decayed and done:  
As is the morning siluer melting dew,  
Against the golden splendour of the Sunne.  
An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.  
Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,  
Are weakelie fortrest from a world of harmes.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade,  
The eies of men without an Orator,  
VVhat needeth then Appologie be made  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Colatine the publisher  
Of that rich iewel he should keepe vnknown,  
From the euil eares because it is his owne?  
Perchance



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Perchance his boſt of Lucrece Sou'raignie,  
Suggested this proud iſſue of a King:  
For by our eares our hearts oft taynted be:  
Perchance that enuie of ſo rich a thing  
Brauing compare, diſdaineſully did ſting (vant,  
His high pict thoughts that meaner men ſhould  
That golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome vntimelie thought did inſtigate,  
His all too timeleſſe ſpeede if none of thoſe,  
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his ſtate,  
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes,  
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.  
O raſh falſe heate, wrapt in repentant cold,  
Thy haſtic ſpring ſtill blaſts and nere growes old.

VWhen at Colatium this falſe Lord ariued,  
VVell was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,  
VVithin whoſe face Beautie and Vertue ſtriped,  
VWhich of them both ſhould vnderprop her fame.  
VVhē Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold bluſh for ſhame,  
VVhen Beautie boſted bluſhes, in deſpight  
Vertue would ſtaine that ore with ſiluer white.

B 2

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But Beautie in that white entituled,  
From Venus doves doth challenge that faire field,  
Then Vertue claimes from Beautie, Beauties red,  
VWhich Vertue gaue the golden age, to guild  
Their siluer cheekes, and cald it then their shield,  
Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,  
VVhē shame assaild, the red should fēce the white.

This Herauldry in LVCRECE face was seene,  
Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,  
Of eithers colour was the other Queene:  
Prouing from worlds minority their right,  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:  
The soueraignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange ech others scat.

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,  
VWhich TARQUIN vew'd in her faire faces field,  
In their pure rankes his traytor eye encloses,  
VWhere least betweene them both it should be kild.  
The coward captiue vanquished, doth yeeld  
To those two Armies that would let him goe,  
Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Now thinkes he that her husbands shallow tongue,  
The niggard prodigall that praisde her so:  
In that high taske hath done her Beauty wrong.  
VVhich farre exceeds his barren skill to show.  
Therefore that praise which COLATINE doth owe,  
Inchaunted TARQVIN aunswers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint adored by this deuill,  
Little suspecteth the false worhipper:  
"For vnstaind thoughts do seldom dream on euill.  
"Birds neuer lim'd, no secret bushes feare:  
So guiltlesse shee securely giues good cheare,  
And reuerend welcome to her princely guest,  
VVhose inward ill no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in pleats of Maestie:  
That nothing in him seemd inordinate,  
Saue sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
VVhich hauing all, all could not satisfie;  
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,  
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

B 3

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But she that neuer cop't with straunger eies,  
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,  
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies,  
VVrit in the glassie margents of such bookes,  
Shee toucht no vnkown baits, nor feard no hooks,  
Nor could shee moralize his wanton sight,  
More then his eies were opened to the light.

He stories to her eares her husbands fame,  
VVonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:  
And decks with praises Colatines high name,  
Made glorious by his manlie chiuallrie,  
VVith bruised armes and wreathes of victorie,  
Her ioie with heaued-up hand she doth expresse,  
And wordlesse so greetes heauen for his successe.

Far from the purpose of his comming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there,  
No clowdie show of stormie blustering wether,  
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,  
Till sable Night mother of dread and feare,  
Vppon the world dim darknesse doth displaie,  
And in her vaultie prison, stowes the daie.

For



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

For then is Tarquine brought vnto his bed,  
Intending wearinesse with heauie sprite:  
For after supper long he questioned,  
VVith modest Lucrece, and wore out the night,  
Now leaden slumber with liues strength doth fight,  
And euerie one to rest himselfe betakes,  
Saue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that  
(wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie reuoluing  
The sundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:  
Yet euer to obtaine his will resoluing. (ning  
Though weake built hopes perswade him to abstai-  
Dispaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,  
And when great treasure is the meede proposed,  
Though death be adiunct, ther's no death supposed.

Those that much couet are with gaine so fond,  
That what they haue not, that which they possesse  
They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,  
And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,  
Or gaining more, the profite of excesse  
Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,  
That they proue backrout in this poore rich gain.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,  
VVith honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:  
And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage:  
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,  
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect:  
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,  
In hauing much torments vs with defect  
Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect  
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting T A R Q V I N make,  
Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust,  
And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake.  
Then where is truth if there be no selfe-trust?  
VVhen shall he thinke to find a stranger iust,  
VVhen he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies,  
To sclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?  
Now



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Now stole vppon the time the dead of night,  
VVhen heauie sleep had closd vp mortall eyes,  
No comfortable starre did lend his light,  
No noise but Owles, & wolues death-boding cries:  
Now serues the season that they may surprise  
The fillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & still,  
VVhile Lust and Murder wakes to staine and kill.

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,  
Is madly tost betweene desire and dred;  
Th'one sweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,  
But honest feare, bewicht with lustes foule charme,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by braineficke rude desire.

His Faulchon on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparkes of fire doe flie,  
VVhereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
VVhich must be lodestarre to his lustfull eye.  
And to the flame thus speakes aduisedlie;  
As from this cold flint I enforst this fire,  
So LVCRECE must I force to my desire.

C

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate,  
The daungers of his lothsome enterprize:  
And in his inward mind he doth debate,  
VVhat following sorrow may on this arise.  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,  
And iustly thus controlls his thoughts vniust.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:  
And die vnhalloved thoughts, before you blot  
VVith your vncleannesse, that which is deuine:  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,  
That spots & stains loues modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining Armes,  
O foule dishonor to my housholds graue:  
O impious act including all foule harmes.  
A martiall man to be soft fancies slaue,  
True valour still a true respect should haue,  
Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will liue engraue in my face.

Yea



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Yea though I die the scandale will suruiue,  
And be an eie-fore in my golden coate:  
Some lothsome dash the Herralde will contriue,  
To cipher me how fondlie I did dote:  
That my posteritie sham'd with the note  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,  
To wisth that I their father had not beene.

VVhat win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?  
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,  
VVho buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?  
Or sels eternitie to get a toy?  
For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,  
VVould with the scepter straight be strokē down?

If COLATINVS dreame of my intent,  
VVill he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to preuent?  
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying vertue, this suruiuing shame,  
VVhose crime will beare an euer-during blame.

C 2

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O what excuse can my inuention make  
VVhen thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed?  
VVil not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints shake?  
Mine eies forgo their light, my false hart bleede?  
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth still excede;  
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,  
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my sonne or fire,  
Or laine in ambuth to betray my life,  
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire  
Might haue excuse to worke vppon his wife:  
As in reuenge or quittall of such strife.  
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,  
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,  
He beg her loue: but she is not her owne:  
The worst is but deniall and reproouing.  
My will is strong past reasons weake remoouing:  
VVho feares a sentence or an old mans saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus



THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

Thus gracelesse holds he disputation,  
Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Vrging the worser sence for vantage still.  
VVhich in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so farre proceede,  
That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, shee tooke me kindlie by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band,  
VVhere her beloued COLATINVS lies.  
O how her feare did make her colour rise!  
First red as Roses that on Lawne we laie,  
Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke awaie.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,  
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:  
VVhich strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,  
Vntill her husbands welfare shee did heare.  
VVhereat shee smiled with so sweete a cheare,  
That had NARCISSVS seene her as shee stood,  
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the flood.

C 3

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhy hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,  
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,  
Loue thrives not in the hart that shadows dreadeth,  
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth.  
And when his gaudie banner is displaide,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismaide.

Then childish feare auunt, debating die,  
Respect and reason waite on wrinckled age:  
My heart shall neuer countermand mine eye,  
Sad pause, and deepe regard befeemes the sage,  
My part is youth and beates these from the stage.  
Desire my Pilot is, Beautie my prise,  
Then who feares sinking where such treasure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weedes: so heedfull feare  
Is almost choakt by vnresisted lust:  
Away he steales with open listning eare,  
Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust:  
Both which as seruitors to the vniust,  
So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,  
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.

VVith-



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVithin his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the selfe same seat sits COLATINE,  
That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits,  
That eye which him beholdes, as more deuine,  
Vnto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,  
VVhich once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens vp his seruile powers,  
VVho flattered by their leaders iocound show,  
Sett vp his lust: as minutes fill vp howres.  
And as their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slauiish tribute then they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Romane Lord marcheth to LVCRECE bed.

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,  
Ech one by him inforst retires his ward:  
But as they open they all rate his ill,  
VVhich driues the creeping theefe to some regard,  
The threshold grates the doore to haue him heard,  
Night-wandering weezels shreek to see him there,  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,  
Through little vents and cranies of the place,  
The wind warres with his torch, to make him staie,  
And blowes the smoake of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
LVCRECIAS gloue, wherein her needle sticks,  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.  
As who should say, this gloue to wanton trickes  
Is not inur'd; returne againe in ha't,  
Thou seest our mistresse ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,  
He in the worst sence consters their deniall:  
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,  
He takes for accidentall things of triall.  
Or as those bars which stop the houely diall,  
VWho with a lingring staie his course doth let,  
Till euerie minute payes the howre his debt.

So



THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

So so, quoth he, these lers attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To ad a more reioysing to the prime,  
And giue the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain payes the income of ech precious thing, (sands  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirats, shelues and  
The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,  
That shuts him from the Heauen of his thought,  
VWhich with a yeelding latch, and with no more,  
Hath bard him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himselfe impiety hath wrought,  
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,  
As if the Heauens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,  
Hauing solicited th'eternall power,  
That his foule thoughts might cōpasse his fair faire,  
And they would stand auspicious to the howre.  
Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must deflowre;  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they then assist me in the act?

D

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,  
My will is backt with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,  
The blackest sinne is clear'd with absolution.  
Against loues fire, feares frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of Heauen is out, and mistie night  
Couers the shame that followes sweet delight.

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,  
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,  
The dowe sleeps fast that this night Owle will catch.  
Thus treason workes ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steppes aside;  
But thee sound sleeping fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercie of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he stalkes,  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed:  
The curtaines being close, about he walkes,  
Rowling his greedie eye-balls in his head.  
By their high treason is his heart mis led,  
Which giues the watch word to his hand full soon,  
To draw the clowd that hides the siluer Moon.

Looke



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Sunne,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaues our sight:  
Euen so the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun  
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.  
VVhether it is that shee reflects so bright,  
That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,  
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darke some prison died,  
Then had they seene the period of their ill:  
Then COLATINE againe by LVCRECE side,  
In his cleare bed might haue reposed still.  
But they must ope this blessed league to kill,  
And holie-thoughted LVCRECE to their sight,  
Must sell her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,  
Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:  
VVho therefore angrie seemes to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his blisse.  
Betweene whose hils her head intombed is;  
VVhere like a vertuous Monument shee lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

D 2

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVithout the bed her other faire hand was,  
On the Greene couerlet whose perfect white  
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,  
VVith pearlie swet resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,  
And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like goldē threeds playd with her breath,  
O modest wantons, wanton modestie!  
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,  
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.  
Ech in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,  
As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,  
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like Iuory globes circled with blew,  
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,  
Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truely honored.  
These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,  
VVho like a fowle vsurper went about,  
From this faire throng to heaue the owner out.

VVhat



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

VVhat could he see but mightily he noted?  
VVhat did he note, but strongly he desired?  
VVhat he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.  
VVith more then admiration he admired  
Her azure vaines, her alabaster skinne,  
Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,  
Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:  
So ore this sleeping soule doth T A R Q V I N stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
Slakt, not supprest, for standing by her side,  
His eye which late this mutiny restraines,  
Vnto a greater vpror tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling slaues for pillage fighting,  
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and rauishment delighting;  
Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones respecting,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:  
Anon his beating heart allarum striking,  
Giues the hot charge, & bids thē do their liking.

D 3

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
His hand as proud of such a dignitie,  
Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his stand  
On her bare brest, the heart of all her land;  
    VVhose ranks of blew vains as his hand did scale.  
    Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet Cabinet,  
VVhere their deare gouvernesse and ladie lies,  
Do tell her shee is dreadfullie beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries.  
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,  
    VVho peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
    Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,  
From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,  
That thinks shee hath beheld some gastlie sprite,  
VVhose grim aspect sets euerie ioint a shaking,  
VVhat terror tis: but shee in worser taking,  
    From sleepe disturbed, heedfullie doth view  
    The sight which makes supposed terror trew.  
VVrapt



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

VVrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,  
Like to a new kild bird shee trembling lies:  
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there appeares  
Quicke-shifting Antiques vglie in her eyes.  
“Such shadowes are the weake brains forgeries,  
VVho angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,  
In darknes daunts the with more dreadfull sights.

His hand that yet remains vppon her brest,  
(Rude Ram to batter such an Ivorie wall :)  
May feele her heart (poore Cittizen) distrest,  
VVounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall,  
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.  
This moues in him more rage and lesser pittie,  
To make the breach and enter this sweet Citty.

First like a Trompet doth his tongue begin,  
To sound a parlie to his heartlesse foe,  
VVho ore the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash allarme to know,  
VVhich he by dum demeanor seekes to show.  
But shee with vehement prayers vrgeth still,  
Vnder what colour he commits this ill.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,  
That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,  
And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,  
Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.  
Vnder that colour am I come to scale  
Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou meane to chide,  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
VWhere thou with patience must my will abide,  
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,  
VWhich I to conquer sought with all my might.  
But as reproofe and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,  
I know what thornes the growing rose defends,  
I thinke the honie garded with a sting,  
All this before-hand counsell comprehends.  
But VVill is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,  
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,  
And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or ducty.

I



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

I haue debated euen in my soule,  
VVhat wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shal bree I,  
But nothing can affections course controull,  
Or stop the headlong furie of his speed.  
I know repentant teares insewe the deed,  
Reproch, disdaine, and deadly enmity,  
Yet striue I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, hee shakes aloft his Romaine blade,  
VVhich like a Faulcon tousing in the skies,  
Cowcheth the fowle below with his wings sha de,  
VVhose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.  
So vnder his insulting Fauchion lies  
Harmelesse LVCRETIA marking what he tels,  
VVith trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcōs bels.

LVCRECE, quoth he, this night I must enioy thee,  
If thou deny, then force must worke my way :  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroie thee.  
That done, some worthlesse slaue of thine ile slay.  
To kill thine Honour with thy liues decaie.  
And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,  
Swearing I slue him seeing thee imbrace him.

E

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So thy suruiuing husband shall remaine  
The scornfull marke of euerie open eye,  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blur'd with namelesse bastardie;  
And thou the author of their obloquie,  
Shalt haue thy trespasse cited vp in rimes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,  
The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,  
"A little harme done to a great good end,  
For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.  
"The poysonous simple sometime is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,  
Tender my suite, bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no deusse can take,  
The blemish that will neuer be forgot:  
Vorse then a slavish wipe, or birth howrs blot,  
For markes discried in mens natiuitie,  
Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie,  
Here



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Here with a Cockatrice dead killing eye,  
He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a pause,  
VWhile shee the picture of pure pietie,  
Like a white Hinde vnder the grypes sharpe clawes,  
Pleades in a wildernesse where are no lawes,  
To the rough beast, that knowes no gentle right,  
Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd clowd the world doth thret,  
In his dim mist th'aspiring mountaines hiding:  
From earths dark-womb, some gentle gust doth get,  
VWhich blow these pitchie vapours frō their biding:  
Hindring their present fall by this deuiding.  
So his vnhalloved hast her words delays,  
And moodie PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes.

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,  
VWhile in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pāteth,  
Her sad behauiour feedes his vulture follic,  
A swallowing gulfe that euen in plentie wanteth.  
His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her playning,  
"Tears harden lust, though marble were with ray-  
E 2 (ning.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadlie fixed  
In the remorselesse wrinckles of his face.  
Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,  
VVhich to her Oratorie addes more grace.  
Shee puts the period often from his place,  
And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,  
That twise she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She coniures him by high Almighty loue,  
By knighthood, gentrie, and sweete friendships orh,  
By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,  
By holie humane law, and common troth,  
By Heauen and Earth, and all the power of both:  
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,  
And stoope to Honor, not to fowle desire.

Quoth shee, reward not Hospitalitie,  
VVith such black payment, as thou hast pretended,  
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.  
End thy ill ayme, before thy shoote be ended.  
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,  
To strike a poore vnseasonable Doe.

My



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,  
Thy selfe art mightie, for thine own sake leaue me:  
My selfe a weakling, do not then insnare me.  
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceiue me.  
My sighes like whirlewindes labor hence to heaue  
If euer man were mou'd with womā's moies, (thee.  
Be moued with my teares, my sighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,  
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continuall motion:  
For stones dissolu'd to water do conuert.  
O if no harder then a stone thou art,  
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,  
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQVINS likenesse I did entertaine thee,  
Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?  
To all the Host of Heauen I complaine me.  
Thou wrongst his honor, woudst his princely name:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King;  
For kings like Gods should gouerne euery thing.

E 3

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age  
VWhen thus thy vices bud before thy spring?  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
VWhat dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?  
O be remembred, no' outragious thing  
From yassall actors can be wipt away,  
Then Kings misdeedes cannot be hid in clay.

This deede will make thee only lou'd for feare,  
But happie Monarchs till, are feard for loue:  
VWith fowle offenders thou perforce must beare,  
VWhen they in thee the like offences proue;  
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.  
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,  
VWhere subiects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
V Vilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discerne  
Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame?  
To priuiledge dishonor in thy name.  
Thou backst reproch against long-liuing lawd,  
And mak'st faire reputation but a bawd.

Hast



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Hast thou commaund? by him that gaue it thee  
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will:  
Draw not thy sword to gard iniquitie,  
For it was lent thee all that broode to kill.  
Thy Princelie office how canst thou fulfill?  
Y When pattern'd by thy fault fowle sin may say,  
He leard to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespasse in another:  
Mens faults do seldome to themselues appeare,  
Their own transgressions partiallie they smother,  
This guilt would seem death-worthie in thy brother.  
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,  
That frō their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes?

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,  
Not to seducing lust thy rash relier:  
I sue for exil'd maiesties repeale,  
Let him returne, and flatring thoughts retire.  
His true respect will prison falsē desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eien,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pittie mine.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide  
Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let.  
Small lightes are soone blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the winde in greater furie fret:  
The petty streames that paie a dailie det  
To their salt soueraigne with their fresh fals haft,  
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his tast.

Thou art, quoth shee, a sea, a soueraigne King,  
And loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood,  
Blacke lust, dishonor, shame, mis-gouerning,  
VWho seeke to staine the Ocean of thy blood.  
If all these pettie ils shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddels wombe is herfed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaues be King, and thou their slaue,  
Thou noblie base, they baselic dignified:  
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:  
Thou lothed in their shame, they in thy pride,  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.  
The Cedar stoopes not to the base shrubs foote,  
But low-shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state,  
No more quoth he, by Heauen I will not heare thee.  
Yeeld to my loue, if not inforced hate,  
In steed of loues coy tutch shall rudelic teare thee.  
That done, despitefullie I meane to beare thee  
Vnto the base bed of some rascall groome,  
To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This said, he sets his foote vppon the light,  
For light and lust are deadlie enemies,  
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,  
VWhen most vnseene, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poor lamb cries,  
Till with her own white fleece her voice contold,  
Intombes her outcrie in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that shee weares,  
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest teares,  
That euer modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O that prone lust should staine so pure a bed,  
The spots whereof could weeping purifie,  
Her tears should drop on them perpetuallie.

F

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

- But shee hath lost a dearer thing then life,  
And he hath wonne what he would loose againe,  
This forced league doth force a further strife,
- This momentarie ioy breeds months of paine,
- This hot desire conuerts to colde disdain;  
Pure chastitie is rifled of her store,  
And lust the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,  
Vnapt for tender sinell, or speedie flight,  
Make slow pursuite, or altogether bauk,  
The praie wherein by nature they delight:  
So surfet-taking T A R Q V I N fares this night:  
His tast delicious, in digestion sowing,  
Deuoures his will that liu'd by fowle deuouring.

- O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination!  
Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt  
Ere he can see his owne abomination.
- V While Lust is in his pride no exclamation  
• Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,
  - Till like a Iade, self-will himselfe doth tire.

And



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And then with lanke, and leane discolour'd cheek,  
VVith heauie eye, knit-brow, and strengthlesse pace,  
Feeble desire all recreant, poore and meeke,  
Like to a banckrout begger wailes his cace:  
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace;  
For there it reuels, and when that decaies,  
The guiltie rebell for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,  
VVho this accomplishment so hotly chased,  
For now against himselfe he sounds this doome,  
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:  
Besides his soules faire temple is defaced,  
To whose weake ruines muster troopes of cares,  
To aske the spotted Princeesse how she fares.

Shee sayes her subiects with fowle insurrection,  
Haue batterd downe her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortall fault brought in subiection  
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,  
To liuing death and payne perpetuall.  
VVhich in her prescience shee controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

F 2

### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night he stea-  
A captiue victor that hath lost in gaine, (leth,  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scarre that will dispight of Cure remaine,  
Leauing his spoile perplex in greater paine.  
• Shee beares the lode of lust he left behinde,  
• And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theeuish dog creeps sadly thence,  
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,  
He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,  
Shee desperat with her nailes her flesh doth teare.  
He faintly flies sweating with guiltie feare;  
Shee staies exclayming on the direfull night,  
He runnes and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy conuertite,  
Shee there remaines a hopelesse cast-away,  
He in his speed lookes for the morning light:  
Shee prayes shee neuer may behold the day.  
• For daie, quoth shee, nights scapes doth open lay,  
• And my true eyes haue neuer praiz'd how  
• To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

They thinke not but that euerie eye can see,  
The same disgrace which they themselues behold:  
And therefore would they still in darkenesse be,  
To haue their vnseene sinne remaine vtold.  
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,  
And graue like water that doth eate in Steele,  
Vppon my cheeks, what helpelesse shame I feele.

Here shee exclames against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blinde,  
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her brest,  
And bids it leape from thence, where it maie finde  
Some purer chest, to close so pure a minde.  
Franticke with grieve thus breaths shee forth her  
Against the vnseene secrecie of night. (spite,

O comfort killing night, image of Hell,  
Dim register, and notarie of shame,  
Blacke stage for tragedies, and murthers fell,  
Vast sin-concealing Chaos, nurse of blame.  
Blinde muffled bawd, darke harbor for defame,  
Grim caue of death, whispring conspirator,  
VVith close-tong'd treason & the rauisher.

F 3

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,  
Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crime:  
Muster thy mists to meete the Easterne light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time.  
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

VVith rotten damps rauish the morning aire,  
Let their exhald vnholdsome breaths make sicke  
The life of puritie, the supreme faire,  
Ere he arriue his wearie noone-tide pricke,  
And let thy mustie vapours march so thicke,  
That in their smoakie rankes, his smothered light  
May set at noone, and make perpetuall night.

VVere TARQVIN night, as he is but nights child,  
The siluer shining Queene he would distaine;  
Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defil'd)  
Through nights black bosom shuld not peep again.  
So should I haue copartners in my paine,  
And fellowship in woe doth woe asswage,  
As Palmers chat makes short their pilgrimage.

VVhere



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

VWhere now I haue no one to blush with me,  
To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,  
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,  
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showres of siluer brine;  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with grones,  
Poore wasting monuments of lasting mones.

Onight thou furnace of fowle reeking smoke!  
Let not the iealous daie behold that face,  
VWhich vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke  
Immodestly lies martird with disgrace.  
Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,  
May likewise be sepulcherd in thy shade.

Make me not obiekt to the tell-tale day,  
The light will shew characterd in my brow,  
The storie of sweete chastities decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlocke vowe.  
Yea the illiterate that know not how  
To ciphers what is writ in learned bookes,  
VWill cote my lothsome trespasse in my looks.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The nurse to still her child will tell my storie,  
And fright her crying babe with TARQVINS name.  
The Orator to decke his oratorie,  
VVill couple my reproch to TARQVINS shame.  
Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame,  
VVill tie the hearers to attend ech line,  
How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that sencelesse reputation,  
For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnspotted:  
If that be made a theame for disputation,  
The branches of another roote are rotted;  
And vnder seru'd reproch to him allotted,  
That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,  
As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O vnscene shame, inuisible disgrace,  
O vnfelt sore, crest-wounding priuat scarre!  
Reproch is stamp't in COLATINVS face,  
And TARQVINS eye maie read the mot a farre,  
"How he in peace is wounded not in warre."  
"Alas how manie beare such shamefull blowes,  
VVhich not the selues but he that giues the knowes."  
If



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft:  
My Honnie lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,  
Haue no perfection of my sommer left,  
But rob'd and ranfak't by iniurious theft.  
In thy weake Hiue a wandring waspe hath crept,  
And suck't the Honnie which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke,  
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,  
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:  
For it had beene dishonor to disdain him,  
Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,  
And talk't of Vertue (O vnlook't for euill,)  
VWhen Vertue is prophan'd in such a Deuill.

VWhy should the worme intrude the maiden bud?  
Or hatefull Kuckcows hatch in Sparrows nests?  
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?  
Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle breasts?  
Or Kings be breakers of their owne behestes?  
"But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impuritie doth not pollute.

G

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,  
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painefull fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still pining TANTALVS he sits,  
And vfelesse barnes the haruest of his wits:  
    Hauing no other pleasure of his gaine,  
    But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vse it,  
And leaues it to be maistred by his yong:  
VWho in their pride do presently abuse it,  
Their father was too weake, and they too strong  
To hold their cursed-blessed Fortune long.  
    " The sweets we wish for, turne to lothed sowrs,  
    " Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruly blasts wait on the tender spring,  
Vnholosome weeds take roote with precious flowrs,  
The Adder hisses where the sweete birds sing,  
VWhat Vertue breeds Iniquity deuours:  
VVe haue no good that we can say is ours,  
    But ill annexed opportunity  
    Or kils his life, or else his quality.

O



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

O opportunity thy guilt is great,  
Tis thou that execut'st the traytors treason:  
Thou sets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,  
VWho euer plots the sinne thou point'st the season.  
Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason,  
And in thy shadie Cell where none may spie him,  
Sits sin to ceaze the foules that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestall violate her oath,  
Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thawd,  
Thou smotherst honestie, thou murthrest troth,  
Thou fowle abbettor, thou notorious bawd,  
Thou plantest scandall, and displacest lawd.  
Thou rauilher, thou traytor, thou false theefe,  
Thy honie turnes to gall, thy ioy to greefe.

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame,  
Thy priuate feasting to a publicke fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood tast,  
Thy violent vanities can neuer last.  
How comes it then, vile opportunity  
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

G 2

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhen wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend  
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?  
VVhen wilt thou sort an howre great strifes to end?  
Or free that soule which wretchednes hath chained?  
Giue phisicke to the sicke, ease to the pained?  
The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for  
But they nere meet with oportunitie. (thee,

The patient dies while the Phisician sleepes,  
The Orphane pines while the oppressor feedes.  
Iustice is feasting while the widow weepes.  
Aduise is sporting while infection breeds.  
Thou graunt'st no time for charitable deeds.  
VVrath, enuy, treason, rape, and murders rages,  
Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

VVhen Trueth and Vertue haue to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keepe them from thy aide:  
They buie thy helpe, but sinne nere giues a fee,  
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,  
As well to heare, as graunt what he hath saide.  
My COLATINE would else haue come to me,  
VVhen TARQVIN did, but he was staied by thee.  
Guilty



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Guilty thou art of murther, and of theft,  
Guilty of periurie, and subornation,  
Guilty of treason, forgerie, and shift,  
Guilty of incest that abomination,  
An accessarie by thine inclination.

To all sinnes past and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the generall doome.

Misshapen time, copesmate of vgly night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of griefflie care,  
Eater of youth, false slaue to false delight:  
Base watch of woes, sins packhorse, vertues snare.  
Thou nourishest all, and murthrest all that are.

O heare me then, iniurious shifting time,  
Be guiltie of my death since of my crime.

V Why hath thy seruant opportunity  
Betraine the howres thou gau'st me to repose?  
Cancelld my fortunes, and inchained me  
To endlesse date of neuer-ending woes?  
Times office is to fine the hate offoes,  
To eate vp errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

G 3

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,  
To vnmaske falshood, and bring truth to light,  
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,  
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
    To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,  
    And smeare with dust their glittering golden towrs.

To fill with worme-holes stately monuments,  
To feede obliuion with decay of things,  
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,  
To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,  
To drie the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs :  
    To spoile Antiquities of hammerd steele,  
    And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a childe,  
To slay the tygre that doth liue by slaughter,  
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lion wild,  
To mocke the subtle in themselves beguild,  
    To cheare the Plowman with increasfull crops,  
    And waft huge stones with little water drops.  
VVhy



THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

VVhy work'st thou mischief in thy Pilgrimage,  
Vnlesse thou could'st returne to make amends?  
One poore retryring minute in an age  
VVould purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad detters lends, (backe,  
O this dread night, would'st thou one howr come  
I could preuent this storme, and shun thy wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to Eternitie,  
VVith some mischance crosse TARQVIN in his flight.  
Deuise extreames beyond extremitie,  
To make him curse this cursed crimefull night  
Let gasty shadowes his lewd eyes affright,  
And the dire thought of his committed euill,  
Shape euery bush a hideous shapelesse deuill.

Disturbe his howres of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones,  
Let there bechaunce him pitifull mischances,  
To make him mone, but pitie not his mones:  
Stone him with hardned hearts harder then stones,  
And let milde women to him loose their mildnesse,  
VVilder to him then Tygers in their wildnesse.

### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Let him haue time to teare his curled haire,  
Let him haue time against himselfe to raue,  
Let him haue time of times helpe to dispaire,  
Let him haue time to liue a lothed slaue,  
Let him haue time a beggers orts to craue,  
And time to see one that by almes doth liue,  
Disdaine to him disdained scraps to giue.

Let him haue time to see his friends his foes,  
And merrie fooles to mocke at him resort:  
Let him haue time to marke how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of follie, and his time of sport.  
And euer let his vnrecalling crime  
Haue time to waileth'abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill:  
At his owne shadow let the theefe runne mad,  
Himselfe, himselfe seeke euerie howre to kill,  
Such wretched hāds such wretched blood shuld spill.  
For who so base would such an office haue,  
As sclandrous deaths-man to so base a slaue.

The



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The baser is he coming from a King,  
To shame his hope with deedes degenerate,  
The mightier man the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honord, or begets him hate:  
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.  
The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bath his coaleblack wings in mire,  
And vnperceau'd flie with the filth away,  
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,  
The staine vppon his siluer Downe will stay.  
Poore grooms are sightles night, kings glorious day,  
Gnats are vnnoted where soere they flie,  
But Eagles gaz'd vppon with euerie eye.

Out idle wordes, seruants to shallow fooles,  
Vnprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,  
Busie your selues in skill contending schooles,  
Debate where leysure serues with dull debators:  
To trembling Clients be you mediators,  
For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

H

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In vaine I raile at oportunitie,  
At time, at TARQVIN, and vncheerfull night,  
In vaine I caull with mine infamie,  
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd despight,  
This helpelesse smoake of words doth me no right:  
The remedie indeede to do me good,  
Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

Poore hand why quiuerst thou at this decree?  
Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shame,  
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,  
But if I liue thou liu'st in my defame;  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame,  
And wast affeard to scratch her wicked Fo,  
Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betombed couch shee starteth,  
To finde some desp'rat Instrument of death,  
But this no slaughter house no toole imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
VWhich thronging through her lips so vanilheth,  
As smoake from ÆTNA, that in aire consumes,  
Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes.  
In



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In vaine (quoth shee) I liue, and seeke in vaine  
Some happie meane to end a haplesse life.  
I fear'd by TARQVINS Fauchion to be slaine,  
Yet for the selfe same purpose seeke a knife;  
But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,  
So am I now, ô no that cannot be,  
Of that true tipe hath TARQVIN rifled me.

O that is gone for which I fought to liue,  
And therefore now I need not feare to die,  
To cleare this spot by death (at least) I giue  
A badge of Fame to sclanders liuerie,  
A dying life, to liuing infamie:  
Poore helplesse helpe, the treasure stolne away,  
To burne the guiltlesse casket where it lay.

VVell well deare COLATINE, thou shalt not know  
The stained tast of violated troth:  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:  
This bastard grasse shall neuer come to growth,  
He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollute,  
That thou art doting father of his fruite.

H 2

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,  
But thou shalt know thy intrest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolne from foorth thy gate.  
For me I am the mistresse of my fate,  
And with my trespasse neuer will dispence,  
Till life to death acquit my forst offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses,  
My sable ground of sinne I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.  
My tongue shall vtter all, mine eyes like sluces,  
As from a mountaine spring that feeds a dale,  
Shal gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemne night with slow sad gate descended  
To ouglie Hell, when loe the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.  
But cloudie LVCRECE shames her selfe to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.  
Reucaling



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Reuealing day through euery crannie spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,  
To whom shee sobbing speakes, ô eye of eyes, (ping,  
VVhy pry'st thou throgh my window? leaue thy pee-  
Mock with thy tickling beams, eies that are sleeping;  
Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cauels shee with euerie thing shee sees,  
True griefe is fond and testie as a childe,  
VVho wayward once, his mood with naught agrees,  
Old woes, not infant sorrowes beare them milde,  
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,  
Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,  
VVith too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So shee deepe drenched in a Sea of care,  
Holds disputation with ech thing shee vewes,  
And to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,  
No obie&t but her passions strength renewes :  
And as one shiftes another straight insewes,  
Sometime her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,  
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

H 3

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The little birds that tune their mornings joy,  
Make her mones mad, with their sweet melodie,

“For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,

“Sad foules are slaine in merrie companie,

“Griefe best is pleas'd with griefes societie;

“True sorrow then is feelinglie suffiz'd,

“VVhen with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

“Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,

“He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,

“To see the salue doth make the wound ake more:

“Great griefe greeues most at that wold do it good;

“Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,

“VVho being stopt, the bounding banks oreflowes,

“Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe

VVithin your hollow swelling feathered breasts,

And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,

My restlesse discord loues no stops nor rests:

“A woefull Hostesse brookes not merrie guests.

Ralish your nimble notes to pleasing cares,

“Distres likes dūps whē time is kept with teares.

Come



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Come Philomele that sing'st of rauishment,  
Make thy sad groue in my disheuld heare,  
As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment:  
So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,  
And with deepe grones the Diapason beare:  
For burthen-wise ile hum on TARQUIN still,  
VWhile thou on TEREVS descants better skill

And whiles against a thorne thou bear'st thy part,  
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
VWill fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,  
VWho if it winke shall thereon fall and die.  
These meanes as frets vpon an instrument,  
Shal tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming anie eye should thee behold:  
Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,  
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold  
VWill wee find out: and there we will vnfold  
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds,  
Since mē proue beasts, let beasts bear gētle minds.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

As the poore frighted Deare that stands at gaze,  
VVildly determining which way to flie,  
Or one incompast with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readilie:  
So with her selfe is shee in mutinie,  
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,  
VVhen life is sham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my selfe, quoth shee, alacke what were it,  
But with my body my poore soules pollution?  
They that loose halfe with greater patience beare it,  
Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.  
That mother tries a mercilesse conclusion,  
• VVho hauing two sweet babes, when death takes  
• VVill slay the other, and be nurse to none. (one,

My bodie or my soule which was the dearer?  
VVhen the one pure, the other made deuine,  
VVhose loue of eyther to my selfe was nearer?  
VVhen both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE:  
• Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,  
• His leaues will wither, and his sap decay,  
So must my soule her barke being pild away.  
Her



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion batterd by the enemye,  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoild, corrupted,  
Grosslie ingirt with daring infamie.  
Then let it not be cald impietie,  
If in this blemisht fort I make some hole,  
Through which I may conuay this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE  
Haue heard the cause of my vntimelie death,  
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,  
Reuenge on him that made me stop my breath,  
My stained bloud to TARQUIN ile bequeath,  
VWhich for him tainted, shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honor ile bequeath vnto the knife  
That wounds my bodie so dishonored,  
Tis Honor to depriue dishonord life,  
The one will liue, the other being dead.  
So of shames ashes shall my Fame be bred,  
For in my death I murder shamefull scorne,  
My shame so dead, mine honor is new borne.

I

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Deare Lord of that deare iewell I haue lost,  
VVhat legacie shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution loue shall be thy boſt,  
By whose example thou reueng'd mayſt be.  
How TARQVIN muſt be vſ'd, read it in me,  
My ſelfe thy friend will kill my ſelfe thy fo,  
And for my ſake ſerue thou falſe TARQVIN ſo.

This brieſe abridgement of my will I make,  
My ſoule and bodie to the ſkies and ground:  
My resolution Husband doe thou take,  
Mine Honor be the knives that makes my wound,  
My ſhame be his that did my Fame confound;  
And all my Fame that liues diſburſed be,  
To thoſe that liue and thinke no ſhame of me.

Thou COLATINE ſhalt ouerſee this will,  
How was I ouerſeene that thou ſhalt ſee it?  
My bloud ſhall waſh the ſclander of mine ill,  
My liues ſoule deed my lifes faire end ſhall free it.  
Faint not faint heart, but ſtoutlie ſay ſo be it,  
Yeeld to my hand, my hand ſhall conquer thee,  
Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.  
This



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This plot of death when sadlie shee had layd,  
And wip't the brinish pearle from her bright eies,  
VVith vtun'd tongue shee hoarlie cald her mayd,  
VVhose swift obedience to her mistresse hies.  
"For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoughts feathers flies,  
Poore LVCRECE cheeks vnto her maid seem so,  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse shee doth giue demure good morrow,  
VVith soft slow-tongue, true marke of modestie,  
And sorts a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,  
(For why her face wore sorrowes liuerie.)  
But durst not aske of her audacioussie,  
VVhy her two suns were clowd ecclipsed so,  
Nor why her faire cheeks ouer-washt with woe.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being set,  
Each flowre moistned like a melting eye:  
Euen so the maid with swelling drops gan wet  
Her circled eien inforst, by sympathie  
Of those faire Suns set in her mistresse skie,  
VVho in a salt wau'd Ocean quench their light,  
VVhich makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

A prettie while these prettie creatures stand,  
Like luorie conduits corall cisterns filling:  
One iustlie weepes, the other takes in hand  
No cause, but companie of her drops spilling.  
Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,  
Greeuing themselves to gesse at others smart,  
And thē they drowne their eies, or break their harts.

For men haue marble, women waxen mindes,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,  
The weake opprest, th' impression of strange kindes  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.  
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,  
No more then waxe shall be accounted euill,  
VWherein is stamp't the semblance of a Deuill.

Their smoothnesse; like a goodly champaine plaine,  
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,  
In men as in a rough-growne groue remaine.  
Caue-keeping euils that obscurely sleepe.  
Through christall wals ech little mote will peepe,  
Though mē cā couer crimes with bold stern looks,  
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.  
No



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

No man inueigh against the withered flowre,  
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,  
Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuour  
Is worthie blame, ô let it not be hild  
Poore womens faults, that they are so fulfild  
    VVith mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,  
    Make weak-made womē tenants to their shame.

The president whereof in LVCRECE view,  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might intue.  
By that her death to do her husband wrong,  
Such danger to resistance did belong:  
    That dying feare through all her bodie spred,  
    And who cannot abuse a bodie dead ?

By this milde patience bid faire LVCRECE speake,  
To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,  
My girle, quoth shee, on what occasion breake  
Those tears frō thee, that downe thy cheeks are raig-  
If thou dost weepe for grieve of my sustaining: (ning?  
    Know gentle wench it small auails my mood,  
    , If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

I 3

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But tell me girle, when went (and there shee staide,  
Till after a deepe grone) TARQVIN from hence,  
Madame ere I was vp (repli'd the maide,)  
The more to blame my fluggard negligence.  
Yet with the fault I thus farre can dispence:  
My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day,  
And ere I rose was TARQVIN gone away.

But Lady, if your maide may be so bold,  
Shee would request to know your heauinesse:  
(O peace quoth LVCRECE) if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it lesse:  
For more it is, then I can well expresse,  
And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,  
VVhen more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,  
Yet saue that labour, for I haue them heare,  
(VVhat should I say) one of my husbands men  
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare  
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,  
Bid him with speede prepare to carrie it,  
The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.  
Her



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her maide is gone, and shee prepares to write,  
First houering ore the paper with her quill:  
Concept and griefe an eager combat fight,  
VVhat wit sets downe is blotted straight with will.  
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,  
Much like a presse of people at a dore,  
Throng her inuentions which shall go before.

At last shee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,  
Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person, next, vouchsafe t'afford  
(If euer loue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt see,)  
Some present speed, to come and visite me:  
So I commend me, from our house in griefe,  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brieft.

Here folds shee vp the tenure of her woe,  
Her certaine sorrow writ vncertainely,  
By this short Cedula COLATINE may know  
Her griefe, but not her griefes true quality,  
Shee dares not thereof make discouery,  
Lest he should hold it her own grosse abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,  
Shee hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,  
VWhen sighs, & grones, & tears may grace the fashiō  
Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her  
From that suspiciō which the world might bear her.  
To shun this blot, shee would not blot the letter  
VWith words, till action might becom the better.

To see sad sights, moues more then heare them told,  
For then the eye interpretes to the eare  
The heauie motion that it doth behold,  
VWhen euerie part, a part of woe doth beare.  
Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,  
Deep sounds make lesser noise thē thallow foords,  
And sorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ  
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,  
The Post attends, and shee deliuers it,  
Charging the sower-fac'd groome, to high as fast  
As lagging fowles before the Northerne blasts,  
Speed more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,  
Extremity still vrgeth such extremes.

The



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The homelie villaine curties to her low,  
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,  
Receaues the scroll without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashfull innocence doth hie.  
But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,  
Imagine euerie eye beholds their blame,  
For LVCRECE thought, he blusht to see her shame.

VWhen feelie Groome (God wot) it was defect  
Of spirite, life, and bold audacitie,  
Such harmlesse creatures haue a true respect  
To talke in deeds, while others faucilie  
Promise more speed, but do it leysurelie.  
Euen so this patterne of the worne-out age,  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,  
Shee thought he blusht, as knowing TARQVINS lust,  
And blushing with him, wistlie on him gazed,  
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.  
The more shee saw the bloud his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her som blemish.

K

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But long shee thinkes till he returne againe,  
And yet the dutious vassall scarce is gone,  
The wearie time shee cannot entertaine,  
For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,  
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,  
That shee her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pawling for means to mourne some newer way.

At last shee cals to mind where hangs a peece  
Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
For HELENS rape, the Cittie to destroy,  
Threatning cloud-kissing ILLION with annoy,  
VVhich the conceived Painter drew so proud,  
As Heauen (it seem'd) to kisse the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable obiects there,  
In scorne of Nature, Art gaue liuelesse life,  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping teare,  
Shed for the slaughtred husband by the wife.  
The red bloud reek'd to shew the Painters strife,  
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashie lights,  
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.  
There



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner  
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,  
And from the towres of Troy, there would appeare  
The verie eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
Gazing vppon the Greekes with little lust,  
Such sweet obseruance in this worke was had,  
That one might see those farre of eyes looke sad.

In great commaunders, Grace, and Maiestie;  
You might behold triumphing in their faces;  
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,  
And here and there the Painter interlaces  
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.  
V Which hartlesse peasaunts did so wel resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake & treble.

In AIA X and VLYSSES, ô what Art  
Of Phisiognomy might one behold!  
The face of eyther cypher'd cythers heart,  
Their face, their manners most expresse told,  
In AIA X eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,  
But the mild glance that shie VLYSSES lent,  
Shewed deepe regard and smiling gouernment.

K 2

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

There pleading might you see graue NESTOR stand,  
As'twere encouraging the Greekes to fight,  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,  
In speech it seem'd his beard, all siluer white,  
VVag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,  
Thin winding breath which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a presse of gaping faces,  
VVhich seem'd to swallow vp his sound aduice,  
All ioyntlie listning, but with seuerall graces,  
As if some Marmaide did their eares intice,  
Some high, some low, the Painter was so nice.  
The scalpes of manie, almost hid behind,  
To iump vp higher seem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,  
His nose being shadowed by his neighbours care,  
Here one being throng'd, bears back all boln, & red,  
Another smotherd, seemes to pelt and sweare,  
And in their rage such signes of rage they beare,  
As but for losse of NESTORS golden words,  
It seem'd they would debate with angric swords.  
For



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

For much imaginarie worke was there,  
Concept deceitfull, so compact to kinde,  
That for ACHILLES image stood his speare  
Grip't in an Armed hand, himselfe behind  
VVas left vnseene, saue to the eye of mind,  
A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged TROY, (field,  
VVhen their braue hope, bold HECTOR march'd to  
Stood manie Troian mothers sharing ioy,  
To see their youthfull sons bright weapons wield,  
And to their hope they such odde action yeeld,  
That through their light ioy seemed to appeare,  
(Like bright things staine'd) a kind of heauie feare.

And from the strond of DARDAN where they fought,  
To SIMOIS reddie bankes the red bloud ran,  
VVhose waues to imitate the battaile fought  
VVith swelling ridges, and their rankes began  
To breake vppon the galled shore, and than  
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes  
They ioine, & shoot their some at SIMOIS bancks.

K 3

### THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

To this well painted peece is LYCRECE come,  
To find a face where all distresse is steld,  
Manie shee sees, where cares haue carued some;  
But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,  
Till shee dispayring HEEVBA beheld,  
Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,  
V Which bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd  
Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raign,  
Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguiz'd,  
Of what shee was, no semblance did remaine:  
Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euery vaine,  
VWanting the spring, that those shrunke pipes had  
Shew'd life imprison'd in a bodie dead. (fed,

On this sad shadow LYCRECE spends her eyes,  
And shapeth her sorrow to the Beldames woes,  
VWho nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.  
The Painter was no God to lend her those,  
And therefore LYCRECE swears he did her wrong,  
To glue her so much grieve, and not a tong.

Poore



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Poore Instrument (quoth shee) without a sound,  
He tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet Balme in PRIAMS painted wound,  
And raile on PIRRHVS that hath done him wrong;  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;  
And with my knife scratch out the angrie eyes,  
Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:  
Thy heat of lust fond PARIS did incur  
This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,  
And here in Troy for trespassse of thine eye,  
The Sire, the sonne, the Dame, and daughter die.

VWhy should the priuate pleasure of some one  
Become the publicke plague of manie moe?  
Let sinne alone committed, light alone  
Vppon his head that hath transgressed so.  
Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guilty woe,  
For ones offence why should so many fall?  
To plague a priuate sinne in generall.

### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Lo here weeps HECUBA, here PRIAM dies,  
Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROILVS sounds;  
Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:  
And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,  
And one mans lust these manie liues confounds.  
Had doting PRIAM checkt his sons desire,  
TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROYES painted woes,  
For sorrow, like a heauie hanging Bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own waight goes,  
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,  
So LVCRECE set a worke, sad tales doth tell  
To pencil'd pensiuenes, & colour'd sorrow, (row,  
She lends them words, & she their looks doth bor-

Shce throwes her eyes about the painting round,  
And who shce finds forlorne, shce doth lament:  
At last shce sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous lookes, to Phrygian sheapheards lent,  
His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,  
Onward to TROY with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.  
In



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and giue the harmlesse show  
An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling still,  
A brow vnbeent that seem'd to welcome wo,  
Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,  
That blushing red, no guiltie instance gaue,  
Nor ashie pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Deuill,  
He entertain'd a show, so seeming iust,  
And therein so enscorn'd his secret euill,  
That Iealousie it selfe could not mistrust,  
False creeping Craft, and Periurie should thrust  
Into so bright a daie, such blackfac'd storms,  
Or blot with Hell-born sin such Saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image drew  
For periur'd SINON, whose inchaunting storie  
The credulous old PRIAM after slew.  
VVhose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie  
Of rich-built ILLION, that the skies were forie,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
VVhē their glasfel, wherein they view'd their faces.

L

### THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

This picture shee aduisedly perus'd,  
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:  
Saying, some shape in SINONS was abus'd,  
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill,  
And still on him shee gaz'd, and gazing still,  
Such signes of truth in his plaine face shee spied,  
That shee concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,  
(Shee would haue said) can lurke in such a looke:  
But TARQVINS shape, came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke  
It cannot be, shee in that sence forsooke,  
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,  
But such a face should beare a wicked mind.

For euen as subtile SINON here is painted,  
So sober sad, so wearie, and so milde,  
(As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted)  
To me came TARQVIN armed to beguile  
VVith outward honestie, but yet defild  
VVith inward vice, as PRIAM him did cherish:  
So did I TARQVIN, so my Troy did perish.

Looke



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Looke looke how listning PRIAM wets his eyes,  
To see those borrowed teares that SINON sheeds,  
PRIAM why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
For euerie teare he fals a Troian bleeds:  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,  
Those rou'd cleare pearls of his that moue thy pittie,  
Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citty.

Such Devils steale effects from lightlesse Hell,  
For SINON in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,  
These contraries such vnitie do hold,  
Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,  
So PRIAM trust false SINONs teares doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

Here all inrag'd such passion her assailes,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,  
Shee tears the sencelesse SINON with her nailes,  
Comparing him to that unhappie guest,  
Whose deede hath made her selfe, herselfe detest,  
At last shee smilingly with this giues ore,  
Foole fool, quoth she, his wounds wil not be sore.

L 2

### THE RAPE OF LVGRECE.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,  
And time doth wearie time with her complayning,  
Shee looks for night, & then shee longs for morrow,  
And both shee thinks too long with her remayning.  
Short time seems long, in sorrowes sharp sustayning,  
Though woe be heauie, yet it seldome sleepes,  
And they that watch, see time, how slow it creeps.

VVhich all this time hath ouerslipt her thought,  
That shee with painted Images hath spent,  
Being from the feeling of her own griefe brought,  
By deepe surmise of others detriment,  
Loosing her woes in shews of discontent:  
It easeth some, though none it euer cured,  
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger come backe,  
Brings home his Lord and other companie,  
VVho finds his LVGRECE clad in mourning black,  
And round about her teare-distained eye  
Blew circles stream'd, like Rain-bows in the skie.  
These watergalls in her dim Element,  
Foretell new stormes to those alreadie spent.  
VVhich



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhich when her sad beholding husband saw,  
Amazedlie in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes though sod in tears look'd red and raw,  
Her liuelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,  
He hath no power to aske her how shee fares,  
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,  
And thus begins: what vncouth ill euent  
Hath thee befallne, that thou dost trembling stand?  
Sweet loue what spite hath thy faire colour spent?  
VVhy art thou thus attir'd in discontent?  
Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauinesse,  
And tell thy grieve, that we may giue redresse.

Three times with sighes shee giues her sorrow fire,  
Ere once shee can discharge one word of woe:  
At length addrest to answer his desire,  
Shee modestlie prepares, to let them know  
Her Honor is tane prisoner by the Foe,  
VVhile COLATINE and his conforted Lords,  
VVith sad attention long to heare her words.

L 3

### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And now this pale Swan in her watric nest,  
Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,  
Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the trespasse best,  
VVhere no excuse can giue the fault amending.  
In me moe woes then words are now depending,  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,  
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,  
VVhere thou wast wont to rest thy wearie head,  
And what wrong else may be imagined,  
By foule inforcement might be done to me,  
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,  
VVith shining Fauchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, awake, thou Romaine Dame,  
And entertaine my loue, else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my loues desire do contradict.

For



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

For some hard fauour'd Groome of thine, quoth he,  
Vnlesse thou yoke thy liking to my will  
Ile murder straight, and then ile slaughter thee,  
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill  
The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill  
The lechors in their deed, this Act will be  
My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

VWith this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,  
I should not liue to speake another word.  
So should my shame still rest vpon record,  
And neuer be forgot in mightie Roome  
Th'adulterat death of LVCRECE, and her Groome.

Mine enemy was strong, my poore selfe weake,  
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)  
My bloudie Iudge forbod my tongue to speake,  
No rightfull plea might plead for iustice there.  
His scarlet Lust came euidence to sweare  
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,  
And when the Iudge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,  
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,  
Though my grosse bloud be stained with this abuse,  
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my mind,  
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclin'd  
To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poyson'd closet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopelesse Marchant of this losse,  
VVith head declin'd, and voice dam'd vp with wo,  
VVith sad set eyes and wretched armes acrosse,  
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow  
The griefe away, that stops his answer so.  
But wretched as he is he striues in vaine,  
VVhat he breaths out, his breath drinks vp again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haft:  
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,  
Backe to the strait that forst him on so fast:  
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past,  
Euen so his sighes, his sorrowes make a saw,  
To push griefe on, and back the same grief draw.  
VVhich



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VWhich speechlesse woe of his poore she attendeth,  
And his vntimelie frenzie thus awaketh,  
Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power, no floud by raining slaketh,  
My woe too sencible thy passion maketh  
More feeling painfull, let it than suffice  
To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,  
For thee that was thy LVCRECE, now attend me,  
Be so dainely reuenged on my Foe.  
Thine, mine, his own, suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past, the helpe that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die,  
“For sparing Iustice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth shee,  
(Speaking to those that came with COLATINE)  
Shall plight your Honourable faiths to me,  
VVith swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine,  
For tis a meritorious faire designe,  
To chase iniustice with reuengefull armes,  
Knights by their oaths should right poore Ladies  
M (harmes.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

At this request, with noble disposition,  
Each present Lord began to promise aide,  
As bound in Knighthood to her imposition,  
Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.  
But shee that yet her sad taske hath not said,  
The protestation stops, o speake quoth shee,  
How may this forced staine be wip'd from me?

VWhat is the qualitie of my offence  
Being constrayn'd with dreadfull circumstance?  
-May my pure mind with the fowle act dispence  
My low declined Honor to aduance?  
May anie termes acquit me from this chance?  
-The poysoned fountaine cleares it selfe againe,  
And why not I from this compelled staine?

VWith this they all at once began to saie,  
Her bodies staine, her mind vntainted cleares,  
VWhile with a ioylesse smile, shee turnes awaie  
The face, that map which deepe impression beares  
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with tears.  
-No no, quoth shee, no Dame hereafter liuing,  
-By my excuse shall claime excuses giuing.  
Here



### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Here with a sigh as if her heart would breake,  
Shee throwes forth TARQVINS name: he he, she saies,  
But more then he, her poore tong could not speake,  
Till after manie accents and delaies,  
Vntimelie breathings, sicke and short assaies,  
Shee vtters this, he he faire Lords, tis he  
That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here she sheathed in her harmlesse breast  
A harmfull knife, that thence her soule vntheathed,  
That blow did baile it from the deepe vnrest  
Of that polluted prison, where it breathed:  
Her contrite sighes vnto the clouds bequeathed  
Her winged sprite, & through her wouds doth flie  
Liues lasting date, from cancel'd destinie.

Stone still, astonisht with this deadlie deed,  
Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crew,  
Till LVCRECE Father that beholds her bleed,  
Himselfe, on her selfe-slaughtred bodie threw,  
And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS drew  
The murtherous knife, and as it left the place,  
Her blood in poore reuenge, held it in chafe.

M 2

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And bubling from her brest, it doth deuide  
In two slow riuers, that the crimson bloud  
Circles her bodie in on euerie side,  
VWho like a late sack't lland vastlie stood  
Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearfull flood.  
... Some of her bloud still pure and red remain'd,  
... And som look'd black, & that false TARQVIN stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that blacke bloud, a watric rigoll goes,  
VWhich seemes to weep vpon the tainted place,  
And euer since as pittying LVCRECE woes,  
Corrupted bloud, some waterie token showes,  
... And bloud vntainted, still doth red abide,  
... Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries,  
That life was mine which thou hast here depriued,  
If in the childe the fathers image lies,  
VWhere shall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?  
Thou wast not to this end from me deriued.  
... If children prædecease progenitours,  
... VVe are their offspring and they none of ours.

Poore



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance, my old age new borne,  
But now that faire fresh mirror dim and old  
Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,  
O from thy cheekes my image thou hast torne,  
And lhiuerd all the beautie of my glasse,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be that should suruiue :  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leaue the foultring feeble soules aliue?  
The old Bees die, the young possesse their hiue,  
Then liue sweet LVCRECE, liue againe and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts COLATINE as from a dreame,  
And bids LVCRECIUS giue his sorrow place,  
And than in key-cold LVCRECE bleeding streame  
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,  
And counterfaits to die with her a space.

Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,  
And liue to be reuenged on her death.

M 3

# THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

.. The deepe vexation of his inward soule,  
 .. Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,  
 V Who mad that sorrow should his vse controll,  
 .. Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,  
 Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng  
 - V Veake words, so thick come in his poor harts aid,  
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime T A R Q V I N was pronounced plaine,  
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,  
 This windie tempest, till it blow vp raine,  
 Held backe his sorrowes tide, to make it more.  
 At last it raines, and busie windes giue ore,  
 .. Then sonne and father weep with equall strife,  
 .. V Who shuld weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
 Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.  
 The father saies, shee's mine, ô mine shee is  
 Replies her husband, do not take away  
 My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say  
 He weepes for her, for shee was onely mine,  
 And onelic must be wayld by COLATINE.

O,



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O, quoth LVCRETIVS, I did giue that life  
VVhich thee too earely and too late hath spil'd.  
VVoe woe, quoth COLATINE, thee was my wife,  
I owed her, and tis mine that thee hath kil'd.  
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild  
The disperst aire, who holding LVCRECE life,  
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRVTVS who pluck't the knife from LVCRECE side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in LVCRECE wound his follies show,  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As feelie ieering idiots are with Kings,  
For sportiue words, and vttring foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,  
VVherein deepe pollicie did him disguise,  
And arm'd his long hid wits aduisedlie,  
To checke the teares in COLATINVS eies.  
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, arise,  
Let my vnfounded selfe supposed a foole,  
Now set thy long experienc't wit to schoole.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Why COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?  
Do wounds helpe wounds, or griefe helpe greuous  
Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow, (deeds?  
For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?  
Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds,  
Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,  
To slaie her selfe that should haue slaine her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not steepe thy hart  
In such relenting dew of Lamentations,  
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,  
To rowse our Romaine Gods with inuocations,  
That they will suffer these abhominations.  
(Since Rome her self in the doth stand disgraced,)  
By our strong arms fro forth her fair streets chaced.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,  
And by this chaste bloud so vniustlie stained,  
By heauens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,  
By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,  
And by chaste LVCRECE foule that late complained  
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudie knife,  
We will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This sayd, he strooke his hand vpon his breast,  
And kilt the fatall knife to end his vow: -  
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,  
VWho wondring at him, did his words allow.  
Then ioyntlie to the ground their knees they bow,  
And that deepe vow which BRVTVS made before,  
He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

VWhen they had sworne to this aduised doome,  
They did conclude to beare dead LVCRECE thence,  
To shew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,  
And so to publish TARQVINS fowle offence;  
VWhich being done, with speedie diligence,  
The Romaines plausibly did giue consent,  
To TARQVINS euerlasting banishment.

FINIS. N











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